SAGINAW HIGH SCHOOL

AURORA

1904

AURORA

Class of 1904

R·E·M·

PHOEBE FAIRCHILD.

DEDICATION.

To the Memory of

PHOEBE FAIRCHILD.

The Class of Nineteen Hundred Four affectionately dedicates this

AURORA

to Miss Fairchild, as a mark of its respect for her, whose life was one of faithful service to our High School, and thro' whose death we have lost one of our best and sincerest friends.

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EDITORIAL.

In presenting the 1904 Aurora to the public, we feel that though forcing an amateur publication upon them, we are keeping sacred the custom established at the Saginaw High School fourteen years ago, and have accomplished the crowning effort of our High School career.

The Aurora has earned for itself a reputation, which we have endeavored not only to sustain, but to make greater. To this end, we have made several changes, and of course several mistakes; but we ask forgiveness, and consideration of the fact, that the work is all our own, and we are in every sense of the word, amateurs.

It is with regret, that we realize that the Class of 1904 will not enjoy the benefits of the new Manual Training School, but we heartily congratulate the succeeding classes, upon the fact that they will reap the rich benefits of that munificent gift of our public spirited citizen, the Honorable Wellington R. Burt.

In this day and age, the practical sciences are becoming predominant; the age demands practical men, skilled in special branches of science; and we congratulate the school, that one man has realized this, and has proven himself a fast friend of education, by acting accordingly, which has not only opened wider the doors of opportunity to the school children of Saginaw, but has resulted in a lasting monument to his memory.

We feel that the class is indebted to the advertisers in this volume, and wish to express our thanks to those, whose good will has made the publication of the Aurora possible.

The class desires to express its deep gratitude to Professor A. W. Platte, for setting the class song to music.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Today there falls to the lot of our valedictorian the sad duty of saying farwell for the class of 1904. But, by long established custom, before he performs this duty, the class president has the priviledge of saying something other than farewell after these twelve long years of silence.

First of all, we wish to thank our teachers for all their help and for all the pains they have taken with us. Our only way of expressing these thanks up to this time has been through our school work, and, if that has not been done at least earnestly and sincerely, only future acts can atone, not mere words.

As a class, however, we are not ashamed of our record. Who does not know our glories, our place in athletics, our scholarship? If the state of civilization and society is shown by the place it accords woman, then are we the acme of modern civilization, surpassing all our predecessors and at least one of those who come after us. For in what class has the preponderance of the twentieth century woman over her less fortunate brother been as three to one? In what class have nine out of ten places on the "Junior Exhibition" been won by girls? We are proud of our feminine element; indeed, how else should we be proud of our class at all?

But the day of our graduation is at hand; we are about to disband, probably for all time, and there is one most important thing to be said before we go. We know how much

more we might have received from school, had we put more into it; we feel how little we have taken advantage of our opportunities; we know how far we have fallen behind that high example of faithfulness and perseverance which only this year has been taken from our sight. But you, whom we leave behind, remember this, which you have so often heard from this same platform, and, no doubt, will continue to hear. School years are the flood tide of opportunity, which ever after ebbs. Seize your opportunities before the ebb sets in.

If you follow this advice, the class of 1904 will have done one great service. May it continually do others, may it live long and prosperously, to the happiness of its members, the glory of its school, and the good of all.

DAVID W. PRALL.

CLASS HISTORY.

"Praising what is past
Makes the remembrance dear."

Once more June is almost upon us, June with its pleasant memories, its class festivities, and its many pleasant associations for the Seniors.

But the pleasures are not all to come. Since the bright September morning, 1900, when we entered the East Side High School as little Freshmen, we have had our round of pleasure and trouble.

Our first important act was the organization of our class. We drew up a constitution and elected our officers, choosing Jerome Weadock as president. Nothing else of importance was done during our first year and as the vacation passed, we returned as Sophomores. During this term, the embryo of that future greatness of our class began to manifest itself, although not in the social line. This year, like our Freshman, glided swiftly by and after another summer we were surprised to find ourselves Juniors.

This was the first year that we took any active part in the social events of the school, and throughout the whole term, no matter what we undertook, the results were always very gratifying.

Early in the year arrangements were made by the committees in charge, for the Junior Musicale which was such a great success, especially financially, that we were able to proceed with the preparations for the Annual Junior Hop.

It took place in the latter part of November and never in the history of the school was there a more brilliant party.

As the spring of 1903 drew upon us, the preparations were completed for the Junior Exhibition, an event, which not only the Juniors, but the whole school look forward to with great interest. Several days were spent in deciding just what sort of an entertainment should be given, but finally it was decided that a "Trip through Great Britain" should be

the subject for the evening. In this also, great interest was taken, and the participants certainly did credit to themselves and their worthy instructors.

The event, which brought our Junior year to a close, was the reception tendered the Seniors, at the High School. Although the weather was not as favorable as we might desire, a large number of Juniors and Seniors were present and all enjoyed themselves exceedingly.

With very bright prospects did we again assemble, but this time as Seniors, under the careful guidance of Miss Fairchild. We seemed to have just settled down nicely to all our duties, little thinking of the great sorrow, which was about to overtake us, when lo! the Angel of Death entered our midst and removed from us, our dear Teacher and Friend, Miss Fairchild.

> "And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls
> Will long keep her memory green in our souls."

Shortly before the Christmas vacation, a class meeting was held and the Aurora Board elected. Class pins were also chosen, which are simple but beautiful in design.

The first thing that occupied our attention after the holidays, was how we could better the condition of our Treasury. Several plans were submitted but none was thought equal to the one offered by our Principal, Mr. Cook. He had planned for a Concert to be given by the High School Orchestra and offered us a percentage on all tickets we would dispose of. Realizing that this involved very little work compared to anything else we might undertake, the proposition was accepted, with the result, that we were greatly helped out of our difficulty.

It will not be long now before these sad, glad days of our High School Life will have flown. But the memory of our teachers, our school-mates, and the little pleasures and troubles associated with our life here will ever live in our hearts.

MARJORY C. MILNE.

CLASS WILL.

Honorable Faculty and Friends:

Nineteen four about to die salutes you!

She publishes this before her death so that you may know her will and receive her gifts.

First of all, there is a communication to make, startling we admit, but nevertheless true. Here is our secret! Guard it well! A consultation of doctors was called together on May eighteenth, doctors, whose prognostications were never known to fail. They have announced that on the night of June twenty-third, Nineteen-four must die.

At present she complains of a lightness in the head caused by the encomiums and eulogies received during the past four years, and a heaviness in the heart and other organs caused by thoughts of parting and overfeasting respectively. Owing to these derangements, she may have been mistaken in her inventory, but what she thinks she has, she gives to you, meanwhile praying that you may not attribute her liberality to the fact that she can keep her goods no longer.

We, the Class of Nineteen-four being about to leave this scholastic sphere in full possession of a sound mind, memory and understanding, do make and publish this our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills, by us at any time heretofore made.

As a parting favor, we especially beg that our funeral services be carried out with all the pomp and ceremony due to a Class, so distinguished as ours, and occupying such an exalted position.

As to such estate, as it has pleased the Fates and our own strong arms and active intellects to give us, we do dispose of the same as follows, viz:

Item. We give and bequeath to the Faculty restful nights, peaceful dreams and relief from the petitions of

Nineteen-four. No more will their regrets include the pain of refusing our humble supplications, and we generously hope that the above mentioned refusals will occasion them no remorse. We leave to them, also, full permission to use, in the education of succeding classes, the knowledge and startling information they have gained, at whatsoever times we have written either quizzes or examinations.

Item. We give and bequeath to the school, as a whole, our record, established and sustained during the joys and trials of the last four years. We leave it with you, but reserve the privilege of polishing it anew, now and then, as each of our members "scales Fame's proud heights."

Item. We give and bequeath to our sister-class, that of Nineteen-six, all the wealth of love and blessings she may want. She seems to be able to get everything else without aid, so we will waste no time in giving to one who seems so very able to get.

Item. "Tis sweeter to learn from the experience of others, than that others should learn from you." Therefore to the Freshmen, we give, out of the fulness of our hearts and the depths of our experience, the following advice the acceptance of which will lead them to glory. "Hitch your wagon to a star," and remember that, "nothing is impossible to industry." We give them fair warning; numerous difficulties will confront them, but we have noticed and remarked in them an abundance of the "heroic element" and we think it just to tell them, that we feel assured that one day Immortality will claim them as her own.

Item. The subjoined lists will be recognized as entailed estates to which we do declare the Class of Nineteen-five the real and rightful possessors.

First, the Senior seats in Chapel. Let the depth of gratitude for this bequest, be measured by the strength of the chorus in that part of the Assembly Room, in which the above mentioned seats are situated.

Next, our Senior privileges. Ah me! Too few and well understood to need enumeration.

To these new-made lords of the school world, we also bequeath our Senior dignity. "May our mantle fall complete-on the gay and debonair Juniors; nevertheless we think they will find encouragement in the fact that "dignity increases more easily than it begins," and we hope that they will rise to the occasion as they sometimes can.

Though agreeing with Byron, that small thanks are still the market price of advice, we, nevertheless, with the interest of the Juniors at heart, recommend the following for consideration: Guard your banner well! Flaunt it not in the presence of mightier factions, lest you be despoiled of it.

To our successors, also, we bequeath the Senior Horn. May it toot to their satisfaction, their several deeds of glory.

How the list lengthens!

Our beloved Session Room will also fall to their estate. We leave it to them freely; but certain of the memories which cling to it are ours to cherish and hold sacred to the Class of Nineteen-four.

Lastly, we leave to the Juniors our course in American History, during which they will learn that many things, which they knew before are not so.

Besides these enforced gifts, we leave, of our own free will, our blessing and a pledge of friendship from henceforth.

All the rest and residue of our property, whatsoever and of what kind and quality soever it may be, not herein disposed of (after paying our debts and funeral expenses) we give and bequeath to our Principal for his use and benefit absolutely; and we constitute the said Principal sole executor of this our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we the class of Nineteen-four, the testators, set our hand and seal this May twenty-third, Anno Domini, one thousand nine hundred four.

AGNES MURPHY.

SOCIAL COLUMN.

In accordance with the usual regime of High School life, the class of 1904 did not take any part in social affairs until its Junior year.

Our first attempt in this direction was the Junior Musicale, which proved to be a great success. The program was composed mostly of High School talent.

After much dispute we finally decided to give the customary Junior Hop on Thanksgiving eve. It was said that our class gave as delightful a Junior Hop as had been given in years. Unfortunately inclement weather prevented the large attendence which the Hop would otherwise have attracted, but socially the event was a complete success, and certainly a credit to the class. The music of unusual excellence and the decorations, usually done on an elaborate scale, were simple and gracefully arranged.

The next event of the year was the Junior Exhibition. A program entirely different from those of preceeding classes was chosen. An imaginary trip through England, Ireland, and Scotland was vividly described. Pictures of the touring party and the places visited were shown, which added greatly to the novelty of the program. We will always remember our Junior Exhibition with pride.

PROGRAM.

The Voyage.....Alice Shea.
Castles of Ireland.....Rosel Hill.
A Day in London.....Grace Feahr.
Canterbury.....Augusta Howell.
Old Edinburgh.....Alice Kenzler.
The Trossachs.....Blanche Martin.
The Burns Country.....Bessie Moore.
English Lake District.....Ruth Haller.
The Shakespeare Country.....Lucy Packer.
Oxford University.....David Prall.

As June drew near and with it the departure of the Seniors, we decided to have a lawn fete in their honor, but the weather was unfavorable and a reception was tendered them in the halls of the High School, which generally look so formal and stately, but on this occasion, which under went a complete transformation. All afternoon the Juniors worked diligently, displaying everywhere their white and gold. Throughout the upper hall, were scattered inviting seats and with the aid of rugs, which covered the floor, and palms, the hall was indeed made very attractive. Music, dancing, and ices added to the unusually good time which was enjoyed by all. It was on this occasion the Seniors presented us with the famous and much coveted class horn.

As sober and studious Seniors we have not as yet taken any part in the social whirl of the school but with our banquet and graduation, we are certain to round up our High School life in a manner befitting the class of 1904.

ELSIE LINTON.

One day as I roamed through the forest
I came to a scraggy oak tree
And bushes, all forming a deep recess,
The abode of the wierd sisters three.
In the center there rested a cauldron
With things that might well cause alarm,
And around it the witches were dancing,
Chanting a wonderful charm.
"Please tell me, oh sisters prophetic—
Quick! open your lips and foretell
The destinies of my companions
Who now in the East High School dwell!"
Then smoke rose in wreaths from the vessel,
And I shuddered with inward fear (Feahr)
As in slow and hissing accents
Came the words I longed to hear.

"Fair maid, in reply to your query,
The state of your comrades we'll show
In the year nineteen hundred and twenty,
Then out of the realm you must go."
Miss Packer a cross old spinster is,
Who's been disappointed in love.
Will Wallace, that famous surveyor,
Around the world does rove.
The humorist, Miss Helen Swinton,
Is very well known through the town.
Miss Martin, as great as was Milton,
Is wearing her laureate crown.
Alice Shea, the popular novelist,
Will publish a book very soon,
With the odd and striking title,
"My Visit to the Moon."
Miss Lyons, the songstress so gifted,
In a land across the foam,
Is noted for her rendering
Of dear old "Home, Sweet Home."

As speaker in various club-rooms
Miss Stalknecht's fame has been spread.
To the heathen in Japan and China
A small Christian band has been led—
Charlotte Robinson is the leader;
She willingly left her home.
Life's wicked pathways shunning,
Eve Abbott lives alone.
Away to distant Italy
Miss Rosel Hill has sailed,
But as a famous painter
She signally has failed.
Adolph Darger is director
Of "der leetle German band."
Helen Dickenson wedded a sailor
And dwells in a foreign land.
Miss Kenzler is reigning as empress
Of an opulent German estate;
The royal prince she wedded
Is as good as he is great.
Vernie Dieckmann is wife of a butcher,
Whom Bessie Campbell adores.
In center of Darkest Africa
Edna Youth is reforming the Boers.

Lea Corrigan joined the dread cannibals,
And revels in warm human gore;
He ate Augusta Howell
In nineteen hundred and four.
Alice Henry will marry an ice-man,
To whom she has long been engaged.
Frances Ferguson, heir to a fortune,
Gives parties that now are the rage.
Blanche DeLambert is running a millinery—
Her pattern hats cannot be beat.
Gertrude Hoppe is keeping a dancing school
Way down on Houlihan street.
The latter was named for your comrade,
Whose nature is generous and kind,
Because of her deeds of charity
'Midst the maimed and the lame and the blind.

The world's most important questions
Are arranged by the G. C. L. S.,
Through the work of their famous committee—
A custom quite new, I confess.
This committee consists of Miss Glasby,
Miss Murphy, and Miss Bessie Moore,
Who of all that noted assembly
Know most about current lore.
They have settled that momentous quarrel

'Twixt Seniors and Juniors, of course,
By the skillful use of diplomacy,
And not by the help of force.
And this, the decision, resulting
From debates that were long and severe:
If the Juniors molest not the Seniors,
They may pass on their way without fear.
The Lyceum's worth is declining,
That once was so far-famed of yore;
Few and far between are its meetings—
Its members now number but four.
Cleon Spangler again is its president;
His management's grown very lax,
And though with deep sorrow we tell it,
Our motto is, "Keep to the facts."
Cora Moore, once society's darling,
Through fortune's reverses cast down,
Is quelling unruly young hopefuls
By the power of her terrible frown.
Gerald Krupp, his fame still increasing,
Is coaching a football team.
James Morse, known as an inventor,
Caused hosecarts to run by steam.
Edna Spindler will soon be directress
Of the girls' gymnasium.
Away out east Miss Furstenburg
Is priestess of the sun.
Ruth Judd, Miss Linton and Georgia Grant
Entertain right royally;
Of the creme de la creme they are members,
In Parisian society.
Will Jungklas a splendid example is
Of the stuff he is advertising.
He uses the hair-grower "Jump-like-Mad;"
The result, as you see, is surprising.
'Twixt Mary Sing and our Alice
A feud is existing still.
Not long ago Fred Witters
Decided to make his will.
David Prall, that male susceptible,
Was struck by Cupid's dart;
His hand and heart he offered
To Mistress Helen Smart.
Frances Meares is acting
In the "Taming of the Shrew."
Frank Patterson and Laura May
For a divorce did sue.
Glen Hubbard is a Merchant Prince,
And he sells furs and paints.
In the realms above Maude Howell

Is numbered with the saints.
Marjorie Milne, the schoolma'm,
Has marvelous talent shown.
Joe Jackson, in the prison,
Is heard to weep and groan.

Clara Foster the veil has taken—
In a nunnery she is immured.
To the United States navy
J. Hunsaker has been lured.
Not long ago Ruth Haller
The Salvation Army joined.
Ellen Schulz is preparing a dictionary
Of the numerous words she has coined.
That this was good old leap year
Your friend Miss Colvin tho't,
So, plucking up her courage,
Art Corcoran's hand she sought;
But he, in great St. Peter's stead,

Now guards the Golden Gate,
And with the deepest sorrow
He sees her lonely fate.
The Saginaw Courier-Herald
And Chicago American
Will, in future, be run by a woman,
And not by a stupid man.
The chief will be Miss Lulu Wyek;
Grace Rumbles will he on the staff;
Erna Rohde the principal joker,
Whose sayings make everyone laugh.
As typewriter Margaret Ryan
Is making her way on the earth,
Yet she gives it as her opinion
That of money there is great dearth.
Anna Lippelt is wife of the president,
And o'er him, her subject, she reigns;
If he tries to exert his authority
He is ridiculed for his pains.
An atrocious woman doctor
Is charming Miss Annabel Steele;
That her cures are worse than diseases
Her patients have cause to feel.
J. Weadock is an engineer
On the railroad Pere Marquette;
Allen Mowry is a dry goods clerk,
Charles Bird has houses to let.
Will King has fulfilled his ambition—
He now is the census man;
Yet he dwells in mental anguish

Beneath our social ban.
So let this be a warning
Advice to great and small:
"Don't show your curious nature
When you're making a business call."

The hissing sound ceased for a moment,
But still I determined to wait;
Then from that fearful cauldron
I heard my own sad fate.
"Your life will be long and eventful,
And oft will your heart-strings be wrung;
You will live through one hundred long summers—
Only whom the gods love die young."
Then the rumbling died down into silence,
And in haste I withdrew from the spot;
With my mind all confused and distracted,
I withdrew to my own little cot.

GRACE M. FEAHR.

GREVILLE'S INITIATION.

"Betty, dear, I know there is some joke hidden beneath this note, I am willing to risk my life on it, I am positive there must be something in it."

"Well it sounds just like Jack, perfectly natural, only that he wants me to meet his friend, and he generally wants me to know as few boys, besides himself, as possible."

Betty laughed impatiently and continued, "I wish people would understand our attitude, I'm not in love with Jack although he has proposed as many times as I have fingers, but I like him very well; you understand, don't you Margy?"

"I understand, that the fair Betty does not quite understand her own mind, at present," Margy replied.

She looked admiringly at her friend whose beauty she knew did not detract at all from her good sense.

Curled in a heap on the floor the two girls reread the letter.

"I want to have you meet a friend of mine, a fine fellow, only very much embarrassed in the company of ladies. But I know that you will readily put him at his ease. He is a member of our Fraternity, or rather soon will be, as he is just about to be initiated into Zeta Upsilon. His name is Henry Greville. When may I bring him down?

Hastily,

JACK."

Margy expressed her opinion, that he would not be dragging an Initiate around without some scheme in the air.

"I will write him to come down to the Hop," Betty said; and took from her desk a sheet of note paper, bearing the monogram of her Sorority.

"The night of the Hop we can keep them busy and so out of mischief." But this did not quiet Margy's suspicions.

Bettina Fairleigh besides being the best student in school, was very popular among the students and her outside friends, among whom Jack Grant had long been her favorite and ready companion. She knew that their friends expected them to become engaged sometime, but never thought any more seriously of it. So she looked forward with joy mingled with a touch of suspicion, to the day when she would see him again.

The evening appointed for the party finally arrived. Betty lingered a little longer than usual, over the finishing touches to her appearance. Coupled with a desire to see her old friend, was a little womanly curiousity about his chum. Both she and Margy expected to meet a dapper young fellow, such as Jack would be apt to select as a companion. They distrusted the description in the letter. But when they entered the spacious parlor of their boarding hall, Jack did present a stalwart, conscious young man, of large stature, who appeared not at all smitten by the girls charms. His great height and large proportions, served to emphasize the ease and elegance of the too confident Jack.

As soon as the formal introductions were over, they hurried off to the gymnasium, the scene of the party.

Here they encountered a lively scene. The ceilings and walls were hung with gayly colored bunting, and not a few of the girls had robbed their rooms for floor decorations.

The girls introduced their friends and the President of their class, to the boys, and then the four seated themselves in a cosy nook, arranged for that purpose. They spoke much of their societies, and Margy expressed her scorn for the men's fraternities.

"They make such idiots of themselves, over initiations," she remarked. Jack talked on, in his easy way; Betty replied charmingly; Margy was always witty, but Mr. Greville had remained stubbornly silent until now.

"You probably know, Miss Fairleigh," he ventured to Betty, "that I am about to be taken into Zeta Upsilon. I shall, without doubt, conduct myself in a dreadful manner, but if you hear of any rash action on my part, remember that I am obliged to do it, for it will be part of my initiation."

"I hope there will be no need of my remembering, Mr. Greville," Betty replied, "because I assure you, Jack will expect nothing unreasonable of you."

The conversation drifted on to college social life. Betty was firm in her conviction that school and love affairs could not both be successfully managed at the same time. Of course Jack did not agree with her.

"Hold on a minute, Betty," he interrupted "Mr. Greville, I think has opinions on this subject.

"Let's have them, Greville," He elevated his brows meaningly.

"Come Greville, let's have them, Miss Fairleigh needs convincing."

Henry Greville colored, tried to speak, but failed to say anything intelligible.

"We will excuse Mr. Greville if the subject be personal," Betty said noticing his confusion.

Jack looked sternly at his victim.

"Miss Fairleigh," the big fellow began, "I have something to say to you which, I fear I shall not have any other opportunity to say."

He stopped for breath.

Betty was too confused to speak; Margy was amused and Jack was laughing to himself, evidently enjoying the joke hugely. "Miss Fairleigh," Greville gasped.

"Miss Fairleigh, I honor you above all other women, I will do anything to make you happy."

Jack shot a meaning glance from his eyes.

Down Greville fell on his knees.

"Miss Fairleigh—Betty, I love you, I offer you my hand, my heart, and my wealth. Will you accept my offer?"

"Well done, Greville, you did that rather too well to suit me, old fellow, you may get up," Jack cried.

Greville saw that Betty's face was white with rage. He scrambled up, bowed to his hostess, and made for the door. Betty rose and gave Jack a look which said plainer than words, "I shall never forgive you for this."

Crossing the room, she laid a detaining hand on Greville's arm.

"Don't you think it would be more gallant to wait for an answer?" she asked in an undertone. "Come back into the room with me and we will turn this joke."

Betty was laughing when they came back.

"You see," she explained, "I wanted, at least, to give my answer in private, but since you all know the question you may have the answer too, I have accepted Mr. Greville."

Just then the orchestra struck up the latest waltz of the season, Betty glided off in Henry's arms. The dance over, she sat out two more with him and then went to get ice with him. In response to Jack's humble entreaty for just one two-step, she laughingly held up a filled program.

Jack's evening was spoiled. He went out into the night air, to try to comfort his feelings with a cigar, but did not succeed.

"That girl is the most clever thing on earth," he said, "and if the fellow were any one but that good natured Hank, I'd challenge him to a duel."

This is what comes of a fellow's making a fool of himself," he mumbled to himself, as he saw Betty tripping away through the trees leaning on Greville's arm.

ALICE M. SHEA.

CLASS SONG.

I.

Now lift up your voices in notes loud and clear;
The hour of our parting, dear classmates, is here,
For our steps on life's pathway we're longing to turn;
For its duties and pleasures our eager hearts yearn.

Chorus.

Then to the breezes, our banner we fling;
From hearts filled with gladness our joyous notes ring;
And we vow that whatever, for us, life may hold,
We will ever be true to the white and the gold

II.

With a sigh for the pleasures we ne'er can recall,
We anxiously wait what to each may befall.
Then to each classmate, each friend fond and true,
With sorrowful hearts, we must now bid adieu.

Chorus.

III.

Duty commands, we must answer the call.
No longer we linger, there's work for us all.
With successes and sorrows, with pleasure and pain,
We must patiently strive 'till the laurels we gain.

Chorus.

—BLANCHE E. MARTIN.

The class is indebted to Prof. A. W. Platte for setting the class song to music.

Im Zwischenakt.

Erwin saß in einem großen Lehnstuhl vor dem flackernden Kaminfeuer. Neben ihm stand ein Tischlein und auf demselben ein Teller voll frischer Waffeln, daneben eine Tasse wohlriechenden Kaffees; durch das Fenster, an welchem die athletische Gestalt des jungen Mannes saß, schien freundlich, wenn auch noch matt, die Aprilsonne.

„Wir Turner sind ausgezeichnet zum Rennen eingeübt," sprach Erwin selbstgefällig zu sich selbst. „Noch nie waren wir in besserer Verfassung, und der herrliche Lorbeerzweig ist uns sicher."

Der Kampf, von welchem Erwin sprach, war ein Wettlauf, in welchen vier Studenten aus St. Davids sich eingelassen hatten. Er sollte in einer Woche in der großen Turnhalle stattfinden, und der Preis war eine goldene Uhr. Erwins Rat folgend, hatte ein jeder der Renner das Buch eines berühmten Exerziermeisters gelesen, und jeden Abend, während die Dunkelheit über allen Landen herrschte, übten sich die eifrigen Studenten, mit den Sternen und dem Mond als den einzigen Zuschauern. So reißend waren die Fortschritte gewesen, daß nach dem fünften Abend Probe alle zum Wettstreit bereit waren. Die lustigen Kameraden hatten den letzten Unterricht erhalten; Erwin saß allein in seinem Zimmer. Plötzlich erhob er sich, zog den langen grauen Mantel an, und, mit den Händen in den Taschen, schritt er zur Turnhalle hinüber.

„Noch nie in meinem ganzen Leben war ich so erregt!"

Die Tür, die niemals geschlossen wurde, öffnete sich, ein Bote stürzte herein. Aus seiner ledernen Tasche zog er ein Blättchen Papier und überreichte es dem jungen Manne.

„Ein Briefchen von Frau von Pappart, einer ehrwürdigen Freundin unserer Familie," rief Erwin erstaunt. Hastig erbrach er das Siegel und durchlas den Inhalt.

„Eine Einladung zum Kaffee, um Ihre Bekanntschaft mit Fräulein Myrta Duvensee aus Frankfurt zu erneuern, ganz ohne Formalitäten — entre nous." — So hieß es auf der Note.

„Das herrliche Fräulein Duvensee! Gewiß erinnere ich mich ihrer noch. Vor nur zwölf Monaten sah ich ihre reizende Gestalt in Danzig im Theater. Nun, was ist da zu tun? Welch' ein Zufall!"

Bis jetzt hatte der erregte Jüngling vergessen, daß er einen Zuhörer hatte. Damit der kleine Bote nicht weiter Zeuge des Ausbruchs seiner inneren Gefühle sein sollte, nahm Erwin an einem Pulte Platz und schrieb Frau von Pappart einen höflichen Brief, in welchem er die Einladung der vornehmen Dame mit Begeisterung acceptierte. Hiermit fertig, schrieb er sofort einen zweiten Zettel an eine bekannte Agentur und bestellte drei Billete für „Wallenstein," welches Stück am nächsten Abend im Goethe-Theater gespielt werden sollte.

In Erwins Kopf entwickelte sich ein Plan. Er hatte sich nun für den nächsten Abend doppelt verpflichtet. Wird er jetzt nicht an dem Wettlauf Teil nehmen, er, der begeistertste Renner von allen? Konnte sich am Ende doch beides nicht vereinigen lassen? Sinnend blickte er aus dem geöffneten Fenster; die Frühlingssonne senkte sich dem goldnen Westen entgegen; Dämmerung schwebte über die Erde. Befriedigt machte er sich an seine Arbeiten. Ein Plan, der ihn aus aller Verlegenheit befreien sollte, war in ihm gereift.

Der ereignisvolle Abend ist zur Hand. Unser Held unterhält sich noch königlich im prächtigen Salon der Frau von Pappart. Wer würde denken, daß er in drei kurzen Stunden im Turneranzug am Rennplatz sein würde!

Um sechs Uhr waren die Damen bereit, unter seiner Führung sich nach dem Theater zu begeben. Pünktlich gelangte die Gesellschaft ins Schauspielhaus. Während seine Gäste eine Minute im Vordersaale plauderten, trat Erwin zu einem nahestehenden Bekannten und ersuchte ihn, ihm am Ende des ersten Akts eine Botschaft überreichen zu lassen, welche seinen sofortigen Weggang aus dem Theater nötig machte. Dann führte er seine Freunde an ihre Plätze. In der Pause nach dem ersten Akt besprachen Fräulein Duvensee und Erwin einige der vornehmsten Charaktere. Dem freundlichen jungen Mädchen gefiel natürlich Max Piccolomini am besten. Ihr erschien er als ein Repräsentant der Treue, ein Bote der Wahrheit und Ehre. Sie lobte diese vortrefflichen Eigenschaften. Erwin hörte mit Interesse auf jedes Wort. Warum klangen ihm die Worte „Treue, Offenheit und Ehre" so komisch? Er war gerade in diesen Gedanken vertieft, als ein Bote eiligst hereinkam und dem jungen Herrn einen Brief überreichte. Er las ihn und sich entschuldigend verließ

er die Gesellschaft, jedoch versicherte er die Damen, er würde wieder in kurzer Zeit zurückkehren.

Unten im Parterre in der ersten Reihe saß Armand, ein alter Schulgenosse Erwins. Er war mit den Damen bekannt, deshalb nahm er bei ihnen Platz, nachdem Erwin ihm alles erklärt hatte.

„Der beste Bursche von der Welt," bemerkte Armand gegen die Damen, sobald Erwin den Rücken gewandt hatte. „Immer bereit, einem zu dienen! Ein herzensguter Kerl, wie alle Turner," und er erklärte ihnen die Ursache von Erwins Verschwinden.

Fräulein Duvensee war auch eine Freundin der edlen Turnkunst, also machte diese Nachricht einen angenehmen Eindruck auf diese junge Dame. Sie schlug sogleich vor, Erwin zu folgen und zum Wettlauf zu eilen. Frau von Pappart und Armand willigten ein, und im Nu saßen sie bequem in einer Droschke und fuhren nach der Turnhalle, dem Ziele der Fahrt.

Die große Halle, von glänzenden Lichtern beleuchtet und mit bunten Flaggen geschmückt, war mit Zuschauern erfüllt. Ein lauter Schall der gellenden Glocke kündigte die letzte Nummer an. Die erregte Masse schrie sich heiser, der Schall der Musik strömte durch den Saal. Die Wettläufer, unter ihnen unser listiger Held, rannten über die glatte Rennbahn. Überall war die höchste Aufregung. Von dem heftigen Geschrei: „Immer zu! So ist's gut! Weiter, weiter!" wurden die uns bekannten jungen Leute ganz betäubt, ihre Augen waren von dem starken Lichterstrahl geblendet. Was sehen sie plötzlich geschehen! Es kann ja nicht sein! Ja, gewiß, es ist Erwin auf den Schultern seiner Kollegen aus St. Davids! Wie alle ihm Beifall spenden! Er verdient es auch, denn hat er nicht alle seine Mitkämpfer überboten?

Fräulein Myrta Duvensee ist beinahe außer sich vor Freude. Sie eilt dem Helden entgegen und reicht ihm freudig die Hand. Das Übrige ist nicht für die neugierigen Augen und Ohren der Welt. Zusammen entfernen sich die beiden, ganz und gar vergessend, daß auch noch andere auf dieser großen, weiten Erde sind. Ob Myrta wohl aus Stolz auf ihren siegreichen Ritter seine kleine Notlüge verziehen hat?

Alice R. Kenzler.

CUSTOMS AND BELIEFS OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS.

Almost every act of the early Roman was regulated by some superstitious belief, or some time-honored custom, which had been faithfully observed by a long line of ancestors. It was considered a sacrilege to depart from the old, tried way, as ancestors were held in deep reverence. Every household had its Lar Familiaris, supposed to be the spirit of some departed ancestor, who would watch over and protect the family. His image stood on the hearth, where the Roman child was taught to salute it daily with an offering of food.

In religion, perhaps, the superstitions of the Romans, and their strict adherence to custom, were most noticeable. They unquestioningly accepted the most vague, incredible theories in regard to the creation and formation of the world, and the origin of the gods. They believed that first, there existed Chaos, a huge, shapeless mass; and that some god, some mysterious being, separated this confusion into Earth, Heaven, and Sea. The world was a hollow globe divided into two equal portions by a flat disc, the earth, around which the sea flowed; the half above was called heaven, the portion below, the "lower regions." As to the origin of the gods, Heaven and Earth were the parents of a race called the Titans, from whom Jupiter and the lesser deities descended. Some of the gods, however, had a more poetic origin, as Venus, who rose from the foam of the sea, and Minerva, who sprang, fully armed, from the head of Jove. Such was the foundation upon which the Roman religion was built.

Sacrifices were made daily; but especially if anyone was to enter on some great undertaking, he propitiated the gods whose protection he desired. The dress of the person going to sacrifice was white, the symbol of guiltlessness. Profane interruption of the ceremony by word or deed was an evil omen; and usually at the beginning the exclamation "favete linguis" was pronounced. Everything pertaining to the sacrifice had to be stainless, and the offerings, which consisted of fruits, milk, wine, honey, and animals, without blemish. When animals were sacrificed, resistance on their part or endeavors to escape were considered as evil omens, and if anything happened to interrupt the sacrifice, the ceremony was started again from the very beginning.

In connection with the offering of animals, a very peculiar custom comes to view, that of divination by inspecting the vitals of the victim. For this ceremony, the haruspex, one well versed in this peculiar art, was necessary to interpret the signs. He carefully examined the entrails and from them drew the data for his divinations. It is needless to say that this science was very complicated, and its decrees greatly respected.

Another science, that the mass of people clung to with implicit faith, was that of augury, or the interpretation of the signs of the heavens, lightning or the flight of birds. When the augur set about his duty he drew a square holy enclosure on the ground, which he divided into four quadrates, corresponding to a similar ideal division of the firmament, and then took his stand in the middle. The manner which a bird entered this celestial figure, its species, its cry, all were significant. The augurs were consulted often on public occasions, for the mass of people had great faith in them. They also placed much confidence on the sacred chickens, which were said to possess prophetic properties, and generals were accustomed to take them with them on their campaigns. Before battle, they would scatter grain before the chickens and if they devoured it eagerly, it was considered a favorable

omen. It was very easy for the general to subject the fowls to a little judicious starving, and thus produce a good impression on the superstitious soldiers. There is a story told, that once the commander of a Roman fleet, when the chickens refused to eat, threw them into the sea and remarked that they would drink, at all events.

With even the most trivial events in a Roman's life, some elaborate ceremony was connected. His departure from the world was attended with the greatest pomp and ceremony. One of the most ancient customs was for the nearest relative of the dying person, to bend over and catch the last breath, or departing soul as it was supposed to be. Immediatly after the death, the name of the deceased was uttered several times by some one present to make sure that no spark of life was left. The body was then prepared for burial and placed upon an ivory couch, strewn with leaves and flowers. In the mouth, beneath the tongue, an obolus (a small coin) was placed, which was to pay the ferriage over the river Styx; otherwise the soul must wander up and down the river banks one hundred years. Branches of fir and cypress were fastened to the front of the house as a sign of mourning. For seven days the body lay in state and on the eighth day the funeral took place. The young were buried in the morning for the Romans liked to believe, that Aurora, who loved children, had taken them to her embrace. The procession was headed by hired female mourners chanting funeral dirges. Next came a band of actors, who mimicked the peculiarities of the dead or recited comic scenes and tragic passages. In front of the deceased wax masks of ancestors were worn by people appointed for the purpose. Fortunate indeed were the old patrician families, who could boast a famous and extensive ancestry, but the ambitious parvenues paraded images of fictitious persons, borrowed for the occasion. The bier was borne by the nearest kin, followed by the rest of the relatives. The procession passed through the forum, where a long discourse on the virtues of the deceased were given, and then

on to the family sarcophagus, where the body was either interred, or burned on a funeral pile, and the ashes sealed in an urn, and placed in the tomb. For many days after the burial, sacrifices and offerings to the gods were made.

All these customs and beliefs, however, belonged to the most ancient Romans and no traces of them are found now, except to this day the lower classes of Italy are exceedingly superstitious.

BESSIE MOORE.

THE LITTLE GAVROCHE.

This child was muffled up in a man's trousers, but he did not inherit them from his father, and in a woman's jacket, but he did not inherit it from his mother. Some people had dressed him in rags out of charity. Nevertheless, he had a father and a mother. But his father did not think of him, and his mother did not love him He was one of those children, deserving of pity above all others, who have father and mother and yet are orphans.

This child never felt better than when in the street. The paving-stones were less hard, than the heart of his mother. His parents had kicked him out into life, and he had simply tried his wings. He had no bed, no bread, no fire, no love; yet he was happy, because he was free.

One evening, when the spring breezes blew so sharply, that January seemed to have returned, and the citizens had again put on their heavy coats, little Gavroche, shivering gayly under his rags, stood on tip-toe, in an ecstacy of delight, before a barber-shop near the Orme-Saint-Gervais. He was adorned with a woman's wollen shawl, picked up, no one knows where, out of which he had made a comforter.

Little Gavroche seemed to be lost in admiration of a waxen image of a bride, with bare neck and shoulders, and orange-blossoms in her hair, which revolved between two lamps, as it smiled at the passers-by; but, in reality, he observed the shop, in order to see if he would not be able to "bone" a cake of soap, which he would then sell again for a half-penny to a hair-dresser, in the suburbs. He often obtained his beakfeast by means of the money, received from one of these cakes of soap. This kind of work, for which he had some talent, he called "shaving the barber." While con-

templating the lady, and while casting longing glances at the cake of soap, he mumbled between his teeth: "Tuesday—This ain't Tuesday. Is it Tuesday? Perhaps t'is Tuesday. Yes, t'is Tuesday." It has never been known what was meant by that monologue. Perhaps it reminded him of the time when he had last eaten, three days before, the present day being Friday. The barber in his warm and comfortable shop was shaving a custormer and throwing from time to time a glance at his enemy, the shivering and impudent urchin, who had his hands in his pockets, but his thoughts evidently far away.

While Gavroche examined the lady, the window, and the Windsor soap, two children of unequal height, neatly clad, but smaller than himself; the one appearing to be seven years old, the other five, entered the shop, and begged for alms in a plaintive murmur, which resembled a sob more than a prayer. They both spoke at once, and their words were unintelligible, because the voice of the younger was choked with sobs, and the cold caused the teeth of the elder to chatter. The barber turned around with an angry expression on his face, and without laying down his razor, pushed the older into the street with his left hand, and the little one with his knee. Then closing the door, he said. "To come and chill people for nothing."

The two children walked away crying. In the meantime a cloud had come up, and it commenced to rain.

Little Gavroche ran after them, and having caught up, said. "What's the matter, kids?" "We don't know where to sleep," answered the elder. "Huh! is that all?" said Gavroche. "That's nothing. I wouldn't cry for that, you ain't babes in the wood!"

And assuming, through his superiority, a slightly jeering manner, as well as an accent of affected authority, and of gentle protection, "Come with me, brats," he said. "Yes, sir." answered the larger boy.

And the two children followed him as they would have

followed an arch-bishop. They had stopped crying. Gavroche led them through the Rue Saint-Antoine, in the direction of the Bastile. While walking away, he threw an indignant look at the barber-shop. "He has no heart, that wretch," he mumbled. "He's English."

This barber had made him aggressive. As he stepped across a gutter, he addressed a bearded, but deserving portress, worthy to meet Faust upon the Brocken, and who had her broom in her hand, "Madam, are you going to ride away on your horse?"

And upon that he bespattered the polished boots of a passer-by. "Scoundrel!" cried the angry man. Gavroche stuck his nose out from beneath the shawl. "Have you a complaint to make, sir?" "Yes, of you!" retorted the stranger. "The bureau is closed," said Gavroche, while pulling his scarf tightly over his face. "I receive no more complaints to-day."

As he went along the street, he noticed under a carriage gate-way, a beggar, thirteen or fourteen years old, whose short skirt left her knees bare. "Poor girl!" said Gavroche. "Here, take that." And undoing that warm wollen shawl, which he had about his neck, he threw it upon the thin, blue shoulders of the child. The little one regarded him in astonishment, but received the shawl in silence. When a certain degree of distress is reached, a poor person in his stupor, no longer groans at injury received, or gives thanks for charity shown.

That done, "Brrr." said Gavroche, shivering more than Saint Martin, who, at least, returned half of his coat. Upon hearing brrr the storm increased in fury, making great havoc. Those wicked skies punish good deeds. "My!" said Gavroche, "What does this mean? It's raining again. If it keeps on, I don't know what will become of me." And he started to walk on. "No matter," he added, while throwing a glance at the beggar, who was rolled up in her shawl, "there's one

of us anyway, that's well wrapped up." And looking up at the sky, he exclamined: "That's once you got left!"

The children huddled up close to him. As they passed before one of those thick, iron gratings, which indicates a bakery, for bread is kept like gold behind iron lattice-work. Gavroche turned, "Well kids, are you hungry?" "Yes, sir." aswered the elder, "we haven't had anything to eat since morning." "Then you ain't got no father or mother?" questioned Gavroche majestically. "Excuse me, sir, we have a papa and a mama, but we don't know where they are." "Sometimes that's better than knowing," said Gavroche, who was quite a philosopher. "We have been walking for two hours, looking for something to eat at the corners of the streets," continued the older child, "and can't find anything." "I know," said Gavroche, "the dogs eat up everything."

Then he stopped and for several minutes, felt and fumbled in all sorts of nooks in his tattered cloths. Finally he raised his head with not only a satisfied, but even a triumphant air. "Don't yer worry, kids, here's enough to buy something for us three," and he drew from his pockets a sou. Without giving the two little fellows time enough to be amazed, he pushed them before him, into the bakery, and having laid his sou upon the counter, called out, "fellow, Gimme five centimes worth of bread." The baker, who was the proprietor in person, took a loaf of bread and a knife. "In three pieces!" ejaculated Gavroche, and he added with dignity. "We are three." And seeing that the baker, after having scrutinized himself and his companions, had taken a loaf of black bread, Gavroche put his thumb to his nose, with as imperious a sniff, as if he had had on the end of it, some snuff like that used by Frederick the Great, and hurled at the baker this indignant rebuke: "Keksekca?" Those of our readers, who are tempted to think this either a Russian or Polish word, or one of those savage yells, which the Yoways and the Botocudos hurl at each other, from the bank of one deserted river to the other, are warned that it is a word which they use every day,

and which means; qu'est-ce que c'est que cela? The baker understood perfectly, and replied. "Why, this is fine seconds bread." "You mean to say black bread," retorted Gavroche, calmly and coldly disdainful. "Some white bread, fellow. I don't want none of your black bread. I stand treat."

The baker could not suppress a smile, and while cutting the white bread, he regarded them compassionately. His look offended Gavroche. "Huh! bakersman. what you looking at us like that for?"

When the bread was cut, the baker put his money in the till, and our generous little friend said to the children. "Pile it in." A puzzled expression spread over their faces, which caused Gavroche to laugh. "Jimminy, That's so, they don't know yet, they're so little." And he added. "Pitch in and eat." At the same time he held out to each a piece of bread. Thinking that the elder who appeared to him, more worthy of his conversation, deserved some special encouragement, in order to rid him of all hesitation to satisfy his appetite, he added, while giving him the largest piece. "Shove that into your musket."

The smallest piece of the three he kept for himself. The poor children were nearly starved; Gavroche understood that.

While biting off the bread with their beautiful teeth, they blocked up the shop of the baker, who, now that he was paid, regarded them with anger. "Let's get out of here," said Gavroche. And they started in the direction of the Bastile.

Translation from Les Miserables by

M. Helen Dickinson.

CLASS POEM.

I.

At the entrance of the harbor, the ships toss to and fro,
Impatient for the journey, on which they soon will go;
Far out across the ocean lies the land they long to reach.
Some on the golden sands their boats will safely beach,
And the land will ring with praises at the victories which they gain,
And they will know their mighty struggle has not been fought in vain.

II.

But for some long years of sadness, for some eternal sleep,
For they think not of the dangers concealed in the sullen deep;
Yet, whatever success or sorrow, fate has for us in store,
We know that the day will come when trouble will be no more.
When the rocks and the dangerous shoals in safety will then be passed.
And we will go to receive our guerdon and enter the haven at last.

III.

As we toss on the stormy billows, when hope has taken flight,
And our hearts are heavy with sadness and filled with the gloom of night;
When all the bright hopes of the past have vanished and left in their stead
No pleasant thoughts for the future, but sorrow and silend dread;
A wondrous sight to our tear-dimmed eyes in the heavens then appears,
And the rainbow of hope casts its light on our souls and scatters our falling tears.

—BLANCHE E. MARTIN.

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1904
R.E.H.

DAVID W. PRALL.

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Colors:—White and Gold.
Yell:—Rah! Re! Ri! Ro! Re! Rung! Rang!
'04, '04, Zip! Boom! Bang!

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GLENN WILSON HUBBARD.—Class Memorial Committee; Glee Club, (3, 4); Mandolin Club, (3, 4).

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ANNABELL ELEANOR STEELE.

ALICE MARIE SHEA.—Novelist, Aurora; Sec., '03 class; Treas., G. C. L. S., '04; Class Banner Committee.

CLEON PERRY SPANGLER.—Editor and Business Manager, Aurora; Pres., '03 class; Pres., Peninsular Oratorical League, '03; Treas., Peninsular Oratorical League, '04; Pres., Lyceum, '02, '03, '04; Track Team, (2, 3, 4); Track Manager, '03 and '04; Athletic Association Board of Control, '03.

MARY REBECCA SING.—Sec., G. C. L. S. '02.

ELIZABETH STALKNECHT.—Artist Aurora

HELEN MARIAN SMART—Vice-Pres., '04 class.

ELLEN DOROTHEA SCHULZ.

EDNA BLANCHE SPINDLER.

HELEN ELIZABETH SWINTON.—Humorist, Aurora; Sec., '04 class; Marshal, '03 class.

FREDERICK HENRY WITTERS.—Treas., '04 class.

WILLIAM FERGUSON WALLACE.—Foot Ball Team, (4); Junior Hop Committee.

JOSEPH JEROME WEADOCK.—Advertising Manager, Aurora; Pres., '02 and '01 classes; Pres., Glee Club, '04; Pres., Athletic Association, '02 and '03; Athletic Association Board of Control, '03 and '04; Track Team, (1, 2); Track Capt., '03; Valedictorian.

LULU ETHEL WYEK.

EDNA BELLE YOUTH, Amphion.

DON C. BLACKMAR.

PRESIDENT OF CLASS OF '05.

CLASS OF '05.

Colors:—Green and White.

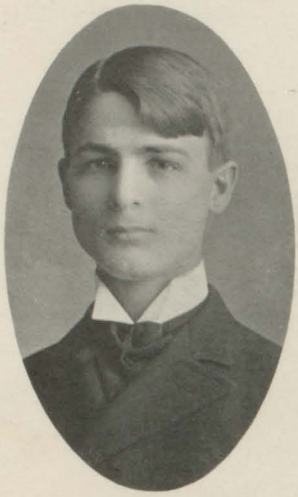
Yell:—Breka, coap, coax,
Breka, coap, coive,
Wahoo, wahoo, Saginaw, '05.

OFFICERS.

DON C. BLACKMAR.....President.
ELIZABETH VAN BRUNT.....Vice-President.
ELLA RHODES.....Secretary.
SHIRLEY SMART.....Treasurer.
CLARENCE JACOBS.....Marshall.

MEMBERS.

Alber, Frank.
Allington, Leslie.
Anderson, Hazel.
Arnold, Lillian.
Baker, Harry.
Barber, Zack.
Beach, Harriet.
Beale, Frank.
Bird, Pearl.
Blackmar, Don.
Bosworth, Neva.
Bowman, Ester.
Brewer, Floyd.
Bricker, Clara.
Brucker, Robe.
Bruske, Waldo.
Campeau, M.
Carpenter, Clara.
Cliff, Edna.
Corrigan, Roy.
Connery, J. Alfred.
Cowell, Amey.
Coy, Elizabeth.
Davis, Earl.
Dieckmann, B.
Drake, Chauncey.
Dudgeon, Will.
Edelmann, L.
Ellis, Nellie.
Fliegel, Gertrude.
Gaffney, Ethel.
Gage, Louise.
Gemmill, D.
Goeschel, P.
Graves, Eila.
Hadley, E.
Heim, Wanda.
Hesse, Bertha.
Howay, Ethel.
Jacobs, Clarence
Koehler, Jas.
Kull, Lenore.
La Bar, A.
Laing, Jessie.
Lalonde, M.
Landry, Alice.
Little, Arthur.
Lonnsbeurg, Gertrude
McDonald, M.
McLeod, L.
Maier, Florence.
Meston, Eleanor
Millet, Ray.
Milne, Archie.
Norris, Mabel.
Norris, Olive.
O'Brien, R.
Palm, Ida.
Peter, James.
Plumb, Alberta.
Prottengeier, L.
Qualman, W.
Randall, Henry.
Rhodes, Ella.
Rhode, Otto.
Richardson, I.
Satava, George.
Schirmer, Gertrude.
Schmidt, A.
Severin, Arnold.
Smart, J. Shirley.
Stevens, M.
Stephenson, F.
Tatham, Harry.
Taylor, Rena.
Terry, May.
Thomas, Laura.
Van Brunt, Bergen.
Van Brunt, Elizabeth.
Wallis, Geo.
Walther, Emilie.
Walther, John.
Webber, Della.
Widenmann, Theo
Wellman, C.
White, M.
Wilson, Lottie.
Zauder, T.
Zuckermandel, E.



HUBERT G. HALLER.

CLASS OF '06.

Colors:—Purple and White.

OFFICERS.

HUBERT G. HALLER.....President.
DOROTHEA PRALL.....Vice-President.
ANGELAS LA BAR.....Secretary.
ETHEL MOORE.....Treasurer.
JASON DAVIS.....Marshall.

MEMBERS.

Adams, Annie.
Adams, Helen.
Althaus, Myrtle.
Baldwin, Grace.
Bills, Florine.
Bird, Nina.
Bitterman, Arla.
Boynton, Lillian.
Brandal, Frank.
Brandow, Ruth.
Brandt, Louie.
Burwitz, Lulu.
Cimmerer, Irma.
Clinkofstine, Bella.
Connelly, Walter.
Cubbage, Max.
Davis, Jason.
DeLand, Mary
Einfalt, Wilhelmine.
Ennis, Will.
Filbert, Elsie.
Finley, Alex.
Gardner, LeRoy.
Golson, Alice.
Goodrich, Finis.
Gorman, Rocco.
Grant, Robert.
Granville, Robert.
Green, Roy.
Hall, Dora.
Haller, Hubert.
Heim, Florence.
Hendricks, James.
Heric, Albert.
Hill, Helen.
Hudson, Bessie.
Ireton, Russell.
Jenkins, Guy.
Jacques, Anna.
Judd, Raynor.
Kelsey, Myrtie.
Kent, Arthur.
Kober, Hattie.
Korndahl, Louise.
Lamphere, Mary.
Lee, Fred.
Le Valley, Florence.
Liddle, John.
Linton, Egerton.
Loveland, Cara.
Loveland, Kent
Macdonald, Mabel.
Madden, Ray.
Merritt, Ray.
Millage, Violet.
Moore, Ethel.
Mulholland, Fred.
Murray Gertrude.
Myer, Alfred.
O'Brien, Ralph.
Peters, Annerl.
Peshick, Edward.
Penoyar, Doris.
Prall, Dorothy.
Prine, Ivah.
Putjell, Ida.
Reitter, Mabel.
Roberts, Julia.
Schulz, Olga.
Searles, Avis.
Shensky, Robert.
Sommers, Bernitia.
Steel, Maude.
Stein, Winnie.
Stiber, Olive.
Symons, John.
Taber, Fred.
Vanderhooff, Gertrude.
Vicary, Harry.
Wallace, Wilson.
Walsh, Edward.
Walther, Martha.
Weinecke, Rita.
Wickes, Helen.
Widenmann, Erna.
Williams, Walter.
Wilson, Lottie.
Winkler, Edythe.
Young, Pearle.
Ziegler, Minnie.

EUGENE SMITH.

CLASS OF '07.

Class Colors:—Blue and Gold.

OFFICERS.

EUGENE SMITH.....President.
MABLE SANBORN.....Vice-President.
EDITH J. MERRILL.....Secretary.
EDITH H. BRADY.....Treasurer.
LORTON H. McCOY.....Marshall.

MEMBERS.

Adams, Helen.
Alden, Don.
Andrus, Reginal
Baird, Flossie.
Barney, Hazel.
Barth, Edna.
Bauman, Frank.
Beach, Fred.
Beale, Miles.
Bergner, Carl.
Beyerlein, Cornelia.
Bird, Lawrence.
Bird, Nora.
Birss, James.
Boertman, Otto.
Bowman, Hazel.
Boynton, Frieda.
Brady, Hilary.
Braun, Edward.
Briest, Arla.
Bruech, Fred.
Campau, Albert.
Cantwell, Tyler.
Carpell, Elsie.
Chapman, Ed.
Chase, Erna.
Chestnut, Chester.
Clark, Martha.
Clements, Fred.
Cole, Edna.
Cook, Eleanor.
Corcoran, Charles.
Corrigan, Grace.
Cosendai, Carl.
Coughlin, Mary.
Cowles, Lenore
Cubbage, Max.
Dahmer, Chas.
Davis, Marian.
Dawn, Carl.
Dees, Walter.
Deisler, Laura.
Deline, Fra.
Darefeld, Charlotte.
Dengler, Lizzie.
Derrick, Elsie.
Dexter, J. B.
Dietrich, Elsie.
Dietrich, Lulu.
Downey, Rita.
Doyle, Ralph.

Draper, Helen
Durkee, Hortense.
Eddy, Stanley.
Egerer, Isabel.
Farmer, Anna.
Ferguson, Marguerite.
Fisher, Alma.
Flathan, Bertha.
Fliegel, Genevieve.
Foehl, Marie.
Fox, Aminda.
Frank, Leonard.
Furstenberg, Clarence.
Gastner, Ora.
Gehrls, Elsie.
Gilow, Wise.
Goodrow, Gertie.
Gore, Harry.
Green, Amie.
Greene, Harry.
Groening, Ed.
Growe, Odette.
Gubtil, Marian.
Hampel, Elizabeth.
Hartnette, Frances.
Hayes, George.
Heinecke, Theodore.
Heinemann, Roy.
Henderson, Lizette.
Hodgman, Frances.
Houlihan, Tim.
Howey, Vernon.
Hunter, Bessie.
Jacobs, Daniel.
Jamieson, Arthur R.
Johnson, Hazel.
Kalde, Martha.
Kanzler, Henry.
Kaufmann, Tobias.
Kelsey, Mildred.
Kent, Roland.
King, Arthur.
Kinsman, Byrdelia.
Kodear, Adolph.
Koehler, Chas.
Krull, Irene.
Kull, Ralph.
Laesch, Chas.
Lamson, Maurice.
Lange, Lillian.
Langschwager, Pauline
Leaning, Russell.
Leidlein, Ellen.
Leidlein, Fred.
Leidlein, Oren.
Leidlein, Walter.
Longworth, Florence.
Lydecker, Myrtle.
Macomber, Carl.
Markey, Harold.
Marshall, Gladys.
Martin, Rachel.
Marzolf, Hazel.
McCormick, Olive.
McCoy, Lorton.
McFaddin, Genevieve.
McHugh, Anne.
McLean, Jean.
McPhillips, James.
Mellentine, Louise.
Merrill, Edith.
Miller, Harold.
Milne, Bessie.
Mintline, Mildred.
Mitts, Ethel.
Mohr, Lina.
Moore, Elsie.
Murphy, Alice.
Mutscheller, Meta.
Myer, Nelson.
Neuenkirch, John A.
Nicholls, Edna.
Nitschky, Jennie.
Norris, Erle.
Oppenheimer, Cora.
Oppenheimer, Stella.
Pagel, Elsie.
Pardridge, Earl.
Passolt, Alvina B.
Patten, Eva.
Phoenix, Will.
Picard, Frank.
Picard, Mary.
Quigley, Louis.
Quinlan, Mary.
Raymond, Mattie F.
Reid, Stewart.
Rein, Cecilia.
Ricker, Olive.
Ritchie, Gertrude.
Roberts, Jennie.
Robertson, Gordon.
Rohde, Hulda.
Rosenberg, Clara.
Royce, Wm.
Russ, Frieda C.
Russo, Marie A.
Sanborn, Mabel.
Saye, Lillias.
Schaberg, Marion E.
Schirmer, Ralph.
Schmidt, Harold.
Schwemer, Una A.
Schannon, Harry.
Shannon, Irene.
Slade, Leigh.
Smith, Eugene.
Steele, Harry.
Stevenson, Grace.
Stewart, Myra Ellen.
Stingel, Elmer.
Stingel, Jennie.
Stolz, Viola.
Stover, Rose.
Swinton, Jessie.
Symons, Sam.
Tatham, Olga.
Thomas, Tracy.
Thompson, Walter R.
Towne, Blanche.
Travers, Clara.
Turek, Ethel M.
Wagner, Mona M.
Webber, Waldo.
Werner, Mamie.
Wickes, Randall.
Wilkins, Gladys.
Wilson, Bertha M.
Wiltse, Verna.
Winkler, Ed.
Winkler, Elsie.
Wolf, Meta.
Wood, Alex.
Wright, Maud.
Wyant, Cecil.
Wylie, Alma J.
Zander, Bessie.
Zwerk, Frances.
Zwerk, George.

MUSICAL

I don't like your Music.

ORCHESTRA.

ORCHESTRA.

PROF. J. G. CUMMINGS.....Director.

HUBERT G. HALLER.....Manager.
ALICE KENZLER.....Librarian.
RUTH HALLER.....Pianist.

FIRST VIOLINS.

Leslie Allington.
Waldo Bruske.
Herbert Dixon.
Alice Kenzler.
Byrdelia Kinsman.
Kline Linton.
Sidney Small.

SECOND VIOLINS.

Hubert Haller.
Russel Ireton.
Mabel McDonald.
Myrtle LaLonde.
Harold Miller.
Waldo Webber.

FLUTE.

David Prall.

CORNET.

Gertrude Hoppe.

BASS VIOL.

Bergen Van Brunt.

The High School Orchestra was organized in the spring of 1902, under the leadership of Courtney Allington; and its success the first year was very marked. Its merits were recognized by its being requested to furnish part of the music for the commencement exercises.

Last year the orchestra practised all the early part of the year, under the leadership of Miss Eleanore Goeschel, taking part, always with great success, in the various school musicales. During the second semester Miss Goeschel was obliged to give up the leadership, and the orchestra was so fortunate as to secure the services of Prof. J. G. Cummings, who has remained its leader to the present time. Under his leadership the orchestra again furnished music for commencement.

On the 25th of March of this year, the orchestra culminated all its efforts in the largest undertaking in its history; namely, its concert, on which occasion it was assisted by the Polyhymnia Club. The orchestra is now a permanent organization, which is entirely self-supporting, and if it continues in its rapid progress, much may be expected of it in the future.

MANDOLIN CLUB.

MANDOLIN CLUB.

Director, - - Laura Thomas.

First Mandolins—Bergen Van Brunt, Carl Macomber, Nelson Meyers, Gertrude Fliegel, Laura Thomas.

Second Mandolins—Don Blackmar, Fred Clements, Glen Hubbard.

Guitars—Maude Howell, Alfred Myers.

Pianist—Elizabeth Van Brunt.

GLEE CLUB.

GLEE CLUB.

OFFICERS.

JEROME J. WEADOCK.....President
ALLEN P. MOWRY.....Manager.
PROF. ALBERT W. PLATTE.....Director.

TENORS.

Max Cubbage, '06.
Albert Germain, '03.
Glenn Hubbard, '04.
Gerald Krupp, '04.
Fred Mulholland, '06.
Allen Mowry, '04.
David Prall, '04.

BASSES.

Arthur Corcoran, '04.
Lea Corrigan, '04.
Roy Corrigan, '05.
Chauncey Drake, '05.
Robert Grant, '06.
Joseph Jackson, '04.
Guy Jenkins, '06
James Koehler, '05.
Ray Millet, '05.
Harold Schmidt, '07.
Fred Taber, '06.
Jerome Weadock, '04.
Pearl Young, '06.

The Saginaw High School Glee Club was organized in September, 1902. The twenty charter members of the Club selected Mr. John Prindle Scott for their conductor, who soon discovered unmistakable symptoms of musical ability in every member, developing in some, into well-defined cases of vocal talent. The Michigan School Teachers' Association, in convention assembled, heartily endorsed the Club, giving it an enthusiastic reception. The concert given by the Glee and Amphion Clubs in April, 1903, was a decided success, due, in part, to the excellent work of the former organization, which sustained its high reputation. The action of the faculty in tendering a reception to the musical clubs of the school was appreciated by none more than by the Glee Club.

This year, under the efficient leadership of Prof. A. W. Platte, the Club has advanced a long way on the road to perfection. Its most important public appearance was as a potent factor in the happy result of the second annual concert of the Glee and Amphion Clubs.

AMPHION CLUB.

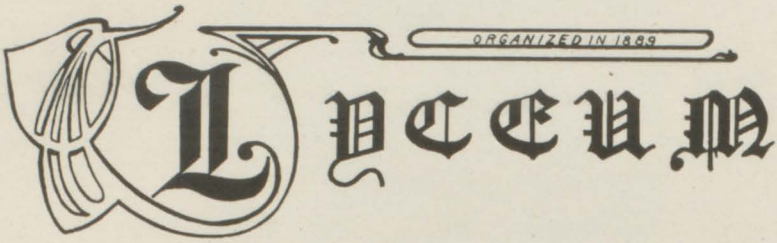
THE AMPHION CLUB.

Elsie Linton.....President
Rosel Hill.....Vice-President
Alberta Plumb.....Secretary-Treasurer
Elsie Goeschel.....Accompanist

Lula Burwitz.
Gertrude Fliegel.
Clara Foster.
Rosel Hill.
Byrdelia Kinsman.
Myrtle La Londe.
Ella Leidlein.
Elsie Linton
Beulah Lyons.
Mabel McDonald.
Eleanor Meston.
Mable Norris.
Alberta Plumb.
Laura Thomas.
Edna Youth.

The Amphion Club has been an active member of the musical organizations of the High School for nearly two seasons. During the first winter, the club appeared before the public on two different occasions, at the Teachers' Institute, held in the High School Auditorium, and at a concert, given by the Amphion and Glee Clubs at Germain's Temple of Music. This last year an invitation was again tendered the club, to appear at the Teachers' Institute, but owing to the short time that the club had been organized this year, it could not be accepted. Its last appearence was at a concert given by the Amphion and Glee Clubs in the High School Auditorium, near the close of this year. Besides these occasions, the Amphions have more than once come before the school at chapel on Tuesday.

The existence of the club and any success, which it has ever had, is largely due to the efforts of Miss Cole, who, during its entire life has been untiring in her endeavors to develop it to that high standard, to which the Amphion Club is fast approaching.



Yell:—Ka-Boo! Ka-Bo!
Ka-Roo! Ka-Ro!
Lyceum, Lyceum,
Ho! Ho! Ho!

OFFICERS.

JAMES KOEHLER.....President.
OTTO ROHDE.....Vice-President.
PEARL YOUNG.....Secretary.
CLEON SPANGLER.....Treasurer.
GEORGE WALLIS.....Marshall.
ARTHUR CORCORAN.....Critic.

MEMBERS.

Ferdinand Adams.
Frank Beale.
James Birss.
Waldo Bruske.
Alfred Connery.
Arthur Corcoran.
Adolph Darger.
Carl Cosendai.
Chauncey Drake.
Charles Koehler.
James Koehler.
Fred Lee.
Ray Madden.
Ray Millet.
David Prall.
Otto Rhode.
George Satava.
Cleon Spangler.
Harry Vicary.
John Walthers.
Jerome Weadock.
George Wallis.
Pearl Young.

GIRLS COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

MARJORY MILNE.....President.
AGNES MURPHY.....Vice-President.
AUGUSTA HOWELL.....Secretary.
MARY SING.....Treasurer.
BESSIE MOORE.....Marshall.

MEMBERS.

Myrtle Bailey.
Florine Bills.
Lillian Boynton.
Nina Bird.
Bessie Campbell.
Crystal Colvin.
Mary DeLand.
Nellie Ellis.
Grace Feahr.
Frances Ferguson.
Myrtle Glasby.
Augusta Howell.
Alice Kenzler.
Beulah Lyons.
Blanche Martin.
Eleanor Meston.
Marjory Milne.
Bessie Moore.
Agnes Murphy.
Lucy Packer.
Iva Prine.
Ida Richardson.
Charlotte Robinson.
Mary Sing.
Bessie Stalknecht.
Annabel Steele.
Ellen Schultz.
Alice Shea.
Minnie Ziegler.

THE LOSS OF THE JUNIOR BANNER.

The shades of night were drawing nigh
When down the walk of East Side High,
A youth there passed with banner gay
Of colors gold and blue and gray.
It was the Junior Banner.

His look was glad, he wore a grin,
As marching through the awful din,
He heard his joyous comrades yell
Like all the fiends from Heaven that fell.
It was the Junior Class-Cry.

Oh! Stay! the Seniors said, and pray
Give us this banner, by the way;
A tear stood in poor Chauncey's eye,
Yet he resigned it with a sigh
That beauteous Junior Banner

They took it from the lofty pole,
And into Miss Wittemore's room they stole;
Dropped to ground from the windows low
Just as a voice cried full of woe:
"Oh! where's the Junior Banner."

Never a word the Seniors said,
To Connery's house they quickly fled,
While tearful Juniors without rest
Did eagerly ply their mournful quest,
For that costly Junior Banner.

Midnight, the woeful Junior found,
Still grouped upon a snowy mound,
Awaiting there with anxious eye
And ears still strained to hear the cry:
"We've found the Junior Banner."

Through all the night the search went on;
The ranks were led by little Don,
Who vowed with Chauncey to repay
The Seniors, ere the break of day,
And get the Junior Banner.

Day after day went quickly by,
Yet Juniors' anger did not die,
For Seniors kept that banner bright
And never let it see the light.
Ill fated Junior Banner.

In pity for their dire distress,
At length the Seniors gave redress
For fancied wrongs, by Juniors borne.
But turned their heart-felt thanks to scorn
And gave them back their Banner.

Wright, Kay & Co.

OFFICERS.

ZACK. C. BARBER.....E. C.
JAMES SHIRLEY SMART.....V. E. C.
JOHN W. SYMONS, Jr.....E. S.
LESLIE E. ALLINGTON.....E. R.
WILLIAM F. WALLACE.....E. W. E.
LEWIS BARNARD.....E. H.

FRATRES IN LUDO.

ZACK. C. BARBER.
LESLIE E. ALLINGTON.
LEWIS BARNARD.
DONALD W. GREEN.
JEROME C. HUNSAKER.
RAYNOR JUDD.
HENRY W. RANDALL.
JAMES SHIRLEY SMART.
SIDNEY R. SMALL.
JOHN W. SYMONS, Jr.
WILLIAM F. WALLACE.
H. RANDALL WICKES.
ARTHUR H. WICKES.

FRATERNITY OF LAMBDA SIGMA.

Founded at Detroit High School, 1892.

Delta Chapter Established 1896.

CHAPTER ROLL, 1904.

Alpha	Central High School	Detroit, Mich.
Beta	East Denver High School	Denver, Col
Gamma	Ithaca High School	Ithaca, N. Y.
Epsilon	Minneapolis High School	Minneapolis, Minn.
Delta	East Side High School	Saginaw, Mich.
Zeta	Fitchburg High School	Fitchburg, Mass.
Eta	Williamsport High School	Williamsport, Pa.
Theta	Bay City High School	Bay City, Mich.
Iota	Duluth High School	Duluth, Minn.
Kappa	Elmira High School	Elmira, N. Y.
Lambda	Steele High School	Dayton, Ohio.
Mu	Central High School	Washington, D. C.
Nu	Binghamton High School	Binghamton, N. Y.
Omicron	North High School	Columbus, Ohio.
Pi	St. Paul High School	St. Paul, Minn.
Rho	Central High School	Philadelphia, Pa.
Sigma	Hartford High School	Hartford, Conn.
Tau	Tome Institute	Fort Deposit, Md.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS.

University of Michigan Alumni Association	Ann Arbor, Mich.
Saginaw Alumni Association	Saginaw, Mich.
Duluth Alumni Association	Duluth, Minn.
Denver Alumni Association	Denver, Colorado.
Hartford Alumni Association	Hartford, Conn.
Washington Alumni Association	Washington, D. C.
Columbus Alumni Association	Columbus, Ohio.

ATHLETICS

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Colors—Black and Gold.

Yell—Een-dica-deen-dica-fada-dica-fum,
Een-nica-boba-een-nica-boba,
Gada-een-dica-deen-dica-fada-dica-fum,
Saginaw High School!
Zis! Rah! Boom!

OFFICERS.

George Wallis.....President
Helen Wickes.....Vice-President
Clarence Wellman.....Secretary-Treasurer
Harold Schmidt.....Marshall
Gerald Krupp.....Foot Ball Captain
Alfred Connery.....Foot Ball Manager
Ferdinand Adams.....Track Captain
Cleon Spangler.....Track Manager
George Wallis.....Base Ball Captain
John Symons.....Base Ball Manager
Mr. L. M. Parrott.....Auditor

Class Representatives.

Allen Mowry.....Senior
Theodore Wiedeman.....Junior
Jason Davis.....Sophomore
Sam Symons.....Freshman

Board of Control.

George Wallis.....President
Clarence Wellman.....Secretary-Treasurer

Faculty Members—
Mr. Parrott, Auditor.
Mr. Cook, Mr. Wolf

Student Members—
Leslie Allington, Roy Green.

FOOT BALL.

At the beginning of the season, the foot-ball management had the good luck to secure the services of Mr. Richardson, who had just passed a successful season as coach of the University of Michigan All-freshman team.

School had hardly started when the captain's call for candidates was answered by a large number, and little difficulty was found in filling the gaps made by the absence of La Londe, Bird and Davitt. Mr. Richardson started in to teach his scholars the game from the ground floor up. The first week there was light practice only, the coach spending the most of his time in drilling his men on the new rules, tackling, and falling on the ball. The second week, formation practice was commenced, and the boys worked with a will, for on the following Saturday a game was scheduled with St. Johns. When the week had rolled by and all were eager for a game, St. Johns telegraphed that it would be impossible for them to come down to Saginaw and we had to be contented with playing a team composed of old high-school stars. Through the forfeiture of St. Johns, Saginaw had won her first game.

The next Saturday a game was arranged with the scrappy team of the Bay City High School, and Saginaw was determined to wipe the disgrace of last year's defeat from the slate. Fast and furious practice was indulged in, and team work developed rapidly. The team was accompanied by about one hundred rooters, all confident of winning by a large score. Their hopes were realized, for before two minutes of play

Adams had circled left-end, and after a most sensational run, landed the ball behind the goal posts. Goal was kicked; Score: Saginaw 6, Bay City 0. This set the rooters wild and they cheered the team on to victory with the especially coined yell: Che Hee, Che Ha; Che Ha, Ha, Ha; Ha, Ha, Bay City! The Saginaw lads worked hard for the next touchdown, but finally through the scientific playing of right-half, Mowry, and the five yard line bucks of rough and ready Patterson, the ball was again pushed over the line. An easy goal was kicked, and with the score standing twelve to nothing in favor of Saginaw, time was called. When the teams returned to the field, the second half like the first, began with a rush, and it was noted with satisfaction to the visiting rooters, that their team appeared greatly refreshed by its rest. For a time the tide of battle shifted, ebbing and flowing irregularly, but it was evident that Bay City's defense was too weak to withstand the heavy assaults of the visitors. Saginaw forced the playing farther and farther into Bay City's territory, and again, Bay City's goal was crossed. Goal was missed; Score: Saginaw 17, Bay City 0. Bay City chose to kick off, and after a somewhat drawn out struggle Saginaw received her fourth and last touchdown. She had shown her supremacy over her old time rival in every department of the game, both offensive and defensive and by constant playing rolled the score up to twenty-three.

Mt. Pleasant, the next antagonist to be encountered, had always been represented by a fast and snappy team and this year's was not an exception. The result of the Bay City game inspired the school with the foot-ball fever, and foot-ball talk was to be heard on all occasions. Every day the squad went out in their suits to practice; Richardson being always on hand to coach them. The second team met the regulars at intervals, and the practice was the most serious ever known at the school. But alas! The team met with exceptional hard luck. Drake its cracker-jack tackel, who had his cheek

bone broken in a firce encounter with the scrubs, and Adams, the fast half-back, were compelled to quit the team. Thus the team was badly crippled at the most critical time in the entire foot-ball season. Nevertheless, these misfortunes discouraged neither coach nor players and on Saturday morning, October tenth, they boarded the six o'clock train for the battle-field at Mt. Pleasant. It was a dismal rainy day and the gridiron was covered with water, which made fast play impossible and gave Mt. Pleasant the advantage, for they were much heavier.

The boys started in with much vim, and after receiving the ball on the kick-off worked it down to Mt. Pleasant's five yard line where a fumble cost Saginaw a touchdown and the game. Mt. Pleasant secured the ball on their own five yard line and inch by inch forced the Saginaw players to their goal and scored a touchdown, not a minute too soon for in ten seconds more time was called. The second half netted twelve points for the home team, and with the score eighteen to nothing the game ended. The score does not indicate the relative merits of the two teams. Saginaw is to be credited for her gallant fight which she put up against great odds. With her regular team she could have vanquished her much heavier opponents.

The following Saturday we played the Flint High School. The two elevens were in splendid condition; about equally matched in weight, and both determined to win. The crowd was one of the largest and most enthusiastic of the year, and the rooting was of a high order. The game was one of the fiercest ever witnessed on Athletic Park. There was no unnecessary roughness, although every inch of ground was desperately contested. On the defensive the Flint aggregation displayed a stubborn resistance, but they were unable to impede the progress of our speedy backs, and their tactics availed nothing against our impregnable line and alert ends, never retaining the ball for more than two or three downs.

Twice we worked the ball up to the visitors ten yard line, but Flint had a way of making a great stand in the last ditch, and twice they held Saginaw for downs, when it seemed certain that the later would score. Final score: Saginaw 0, Flint 0.

The next Friday the boys took a trip down to Vassar and "done up" the team of that city, five to nothing.

Before a good sized crowd, Saginaw defeated the Arthur Hill team twenty-seven to nothing, in a game that was a battle royal from start to finish. The victory, however, was far more decisive than the score indicates. At least four more touchdowns should have been added to the list, but costly fumbles, penalties, and darkness prohibited them. The rooting was very good and it added spirit to the occasion. The songs, composed especially for the game, were well sung and no doubt encouraged our fellows in their efforts. The work of the East Siders was of the gilt edged order, except at the opening of the first half when the West Side lads ploughed through our line for a couple of good gains. Time and time again West Side was forced to punt, owing to the inability of their backs to make the required gain. Our splendid offensive work was a surprise to the rooters. The interference was strong; Mowry, Patterson and McCoy doing good work in this respect. West Side won the toss and chose the eastern goal. Saginaw kicked off, and the West Side returned it ten yards before going down. Arthur Hill then commenced an onslaught on our line and through a series of line bucks and tackle-back formations gained a first down. They were now really confident. The next play was an end run, but Saginaw tore the interference to pieces and scattered it like chaff. They tried a couple of line bucks, but in vain; Saginaw stood firm as a stone wall. The ball went over and we carried it forward persistently, foot by foot, yard by yard, until the enemy's goal was crossed. The first touchdown had been made, and the cheering did not subside for several minutes. The ball

was brought out and an easy goal kicked. As the two teams lined up again, the great crowd of East Side sympathizers were singing:

> "Oh, ain't it great, just simply great,
> To wipe the West Side right off the slate.
> Roll up the score, we want some more
> To make the West Side,
> Go way back and sit down."

to the tune of "Ain't it a Shame." Within two more minutes Phoenix had crossed the West Side line for our second score. Goal was kicked. West Side was now desperate. Was it possible that she could not score? The thought was sickening to her loyal adherents. Saginaw kicked off, and the first play was a pretty double pass, in which the runner eluded all the tacklers and started like a race horse toward our goal. It was cleverly done, and before Saginaw realized how she had been tricked, the runner had circled our right end in a wide sweep and had a clear field before him, but fortunately the mighty Wellman caught him with a flying tackle from behind and stopped him fifteen yards from a touchdown. The second half, the Saginaws went into it hammer and tongs, and at the end of the game the score stood twenty-seven to nothing. Arthur Hill deserves some sympathy for she was outclassed, man for man, play for play, although she was loath to acknowledge it.

The only remaining date was with the strong, independent Monarch team. This game created not a little public interest, for there was much rivalry between the two teams. Early on Thanksgiving afternoon a large crowd of spectators poured into Athletic Park. Young and old, male and female rushed to the field to witness the struggle between the young gladiators of the gridiron. Both teams were fit as a fiddle for the contest. The High School was better versed in the technique of the game, while the Monarchs had a decided advantage in weight. The surprise of the game was the

superb offence of the High School. End runs were made with ease and both Phoenix and Green punctured the heavy, bulky line, which proved wholly unable to stop the fusillade. The first half was a literal procession down the field for the High School team, and a touchdown was made in short order. Before the half was up we were able to add five more points to our score which made a total of eleven points. The loss of Patterson, who had his wrist sprained just before the first half ended, was felt very much in the last half, in which the Monarchs succeded in tieing the score. But both their touchdowns were in the nature of flukes, scoring twice on the High School's fumbles. In marked contrast to the Monarch's poor work was the brilliant offence and defence of our men. The linemen charged well and several times broke through and stopped plays behind the line.

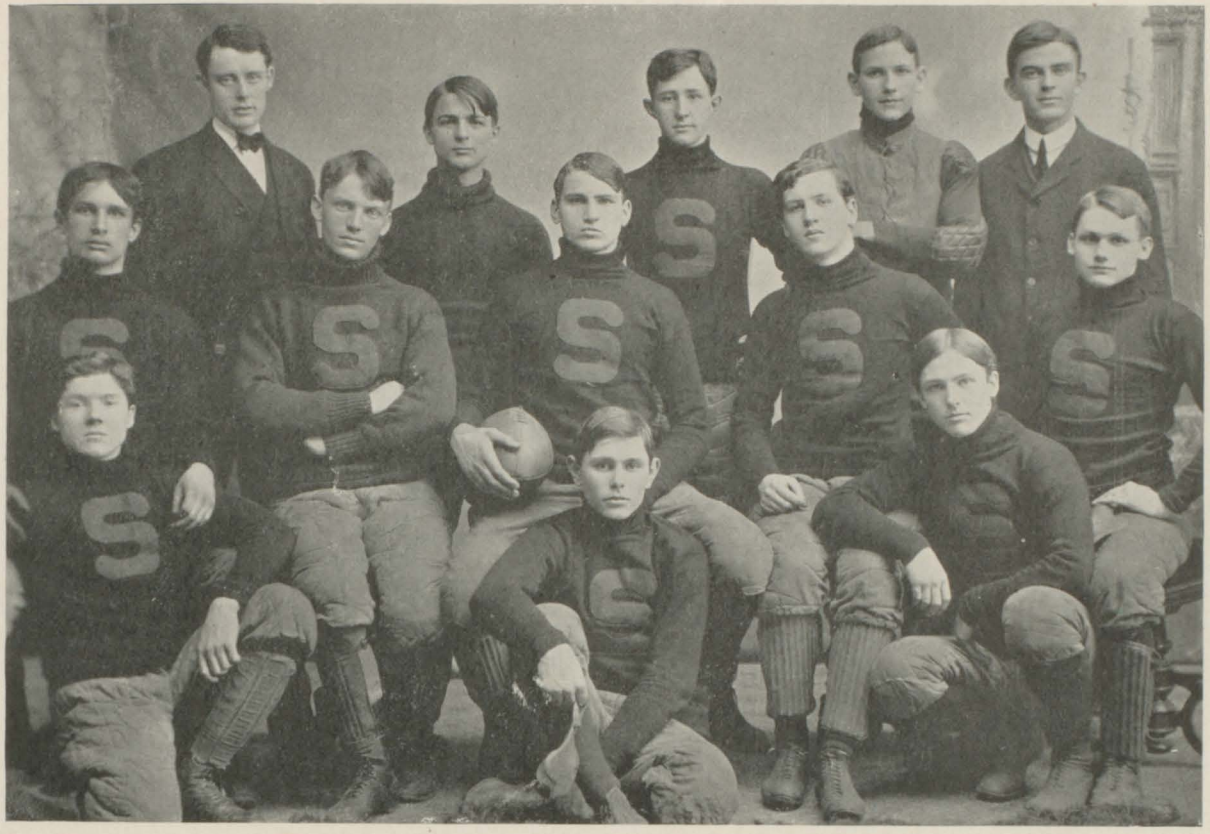
Of the individual work for the year it is hard to speak, for all played remarkably well. Patterson, at full, surprised all. Whether punting, bucking the line, or interfering, his playing was par-excellence. Another man of remarkable strength to the team was Mowry, the young Hercules halfback; he was light on his feet, possessed much bull-dog grit, and could always be depended upon in case of emergency. Green and Phoenix as tackles played a star game. They were sure gainers on offensive and stood like a wall on defensive. Wellman and Wallace, at ends were down the field on every punt and generally nailed their man in his tracks. Schmidt, McCoy and Wallis showed good judgment, tackled well and were in every play and under every rush.

Foot-ball season was so enjoyable that before one realized that it had commenced, it was over.

Thus closed a very successful season and much praise is due to coaches Davitt and Richardson for developing the fast team. Had it not been for bad luck Saginaw would most likely have won the state championship.

Being well aware of the ability of Manager Mr. L. M. Parrott and Captain Leslie Allington, I am confident that under the instruction of Mr. Davitt, Saginaw will next year retain her firm position of glory on the gridiron.

GERALD E. KRUPP.



FOOT BALL TEAM.

FOOT BALL TEAM.

KRUPP, CAPTAIN	Quarter Back.
WALLACE	Left End
PHOENIX	Left Tackle.
DRAKE	Left Guard.
SCHMIDT	Center.
WALLIS	Right Guard.
GREEN	Right Tackle.
WELLMAN	Right End.
MOWRY	Left Half Back.
PATTERSON	Full Back.
McCOY	Right Half Back
ALLINGTON	Substitute Half Back.
HALLER	Substitute.
CONNERY	Manager.
MR. HOWARD RICHARDSON	Coaches.
MR. HAROLD DAVITT	Coaches.

SCORES:

Saginaw 12, St Johns 0; Saginaw 23, Bay City 0; Saginaw 0, Mt. Pleasant 18; Saginaw 0, Flint 0; Saginaw 5, Vassar 0; Saginaw 60, Business College 0; Saginaw 27, Arthur Hill 0; Saginaw 11, Monarchs 11; Saginaw 0, Flint 5.

Total Score of Opponents 34.
Total Score of Saginaw 138.

TRACK ATHLETICS.

After the Christmas holidays, when Captain Adams issued his call for candidates for the Track Team, the likeliest bunch that could be gathered together by any High School, answered the summons. Among the candidates were to be found some of the best short and middle distance runners, broad and high jumpers and, in fact, strong men in every event. It was easily the best array of athletes of which Saginaw had ever boasted; and our colors were both feared and admired by the various High Schools of the State; even the Ann Arbor High School team withdrew from a meet, which they had proposed. It was a rosy oulook. Visions of the Valley Championship haunted the dreams of every loyal partisian and critics declared our team to be the fastest in the entire Saginaw Valley.

Union Park could not be obtained for the day, so the preliminaries were held at Athletic Park, which was temporarily converted for track and field use. However it served the purpose, and the events conclusively decided who were worthy to carry the school's colors at the valley meet, the following Saturday. The quarter mile was the prettiest race of the day, Spangler beating out Widenmann at the tape sprint, after the latter had set the pace from the start. Barber easily won the hundred yard dash, and the broad jump brought together three men who made over eighteen feet, six inches. Blackmar's game mile, and Wallis' shot putting, edging about the thirty-eight foot mark, attracted attention.

Adams was laid up with a lame knee and it was impossible for him to enter the preliminaries.

On Saturday, May 14, at Union Park, Saginaw, Arthur Hill, Bay City, West Bay City and Flint met in their first

annual track meet. The day was chilly and much better suited for a foot-ball game than a track meet, and the spectators and athletes had plenty of trouble keeping warm. A sharp wind blew across the track and prevented record breaking. The spectators, with winter wraps were uncomfortable, but despite the conditions, the grandstand was alive with waving ribbon and shouting high school maids. From start to finish the meet was a close one between the East and West Side schools. The visitors so far as the results were concerned, were never in the race. Bay City captured first places in the low hurdles, the shot put and also a questionable first in the pole vault; outside of these events the Bay Cities and Flint were subordinate to the local athletes. It was a "nip and tuck" race between the two Saginaws, with every point bitterly and stubbornly fought to the end, and not till after the half mile and high jump had given the East Side a brace of fifteen points, was the victory assured.

Most of the events resulted according to predictions, the surprise being in the hundred yard dash, in which Adams suffered defeat at the hands of Gilbert of the West Side. Adams, however, was still suffering with the same knee that kept him from entering the preliminaries, and under favorable circumstances would, undoubtedly, have won out.

Blackmar again showed up well in the mile and succeeded in crossing the tape at Spangler's heels. Good records were made in the high jump, Adams clearing the bar easily at five feet five.

Arthur Hill secured four firsts and five seconds, while we had six firsts and seven seconds to our credit.

The poor showing of the visiting athletes is attributed to the lack of experience and practice, but with a little faithful work, on their part, we hope they will be able to make a better showing next year.

GERALD KRUPP.

TRACK MEET OF SAGINAW VALLEY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Union Park, Saginaw, May 14, 1904.

OFFICIALS.

Referee.....Mr. Ard. Richardson
Judges.....Mr. M. W. Tanner, Mr. Wm. Malone
Timers.....Mr. Geo. W. Wallis, Mr. Alexander Sutherland
Starter.....Mr. Rob. H. Cook
Announcer.....Mr. Price

Committee in Charge.

Principals Webster Cook, Saginaw; Geo. R. Swain, Bay City; A. N. Cody, Flint.

100 Yard Dash—Gilbert, A. H. H S., first; Adams, S. H. S., second; Barber, S. H. S., third; Crane, A. H. H. S., fourth—Time, 11 seconds.

440 Yard Dash—Barnard, A. H. H. S., first; Widenmann, S. H. S., second; Spangler, S. H. S., third; Green, A. H. H. S., fourth—Time, 1:01, 3-5.

Broad Jump—Adams, S. H. S, first; Gilbert, A. H. H. S., second Krupp, S. H. S., third; Fraser, A. H. H. S., fourth—Distance, 19 feet, 6 inches.

120 Yard Hurdles—Adams, S. H S., first; Fraser, A. H. H. S., second; Durand, B. C. H. S., third; Crane, A. H. H. S., fourth—Time, 19 1-5 seconds.

Hammer Throw—Fraser, A. H. H. S., first; Barnard, A. H. H. S. second; Watkins, B. C. H. S., third; Main, Flint H. S., fourth —Distance, 102 feet.

Football Kick—Krupp, S. H. S., first; Magill, W. B. C. H. S.. second; Wallis, S. H. S., third; Barnard, A. H. H. S., fourth—Distance, 162 feet.

Pole Vault—Patchell, B C. H. S., first; Adams, S. H. S., second; Fraser, A. H. H. S., third; Dixon, A. H. H. S., fourth—Height, 8 feet, 11 inches.

220 Yard Hurdle—Durand, B. C H. S., first; Crane, A. H. H. S.. second; Gilbert, A. H. H. S., third—Time, 31 1-5 seconds.

220 Yard Dash—Shearer, B. C. H. S., first; Widenmann, S. H. S., second; McCoy, S. H. S., third; Crane, A. H. H. S, fourth—Time, 26 seconds.

Shot Put—Magill, W. B. C. H. S, first; Krupp, S. H. S., second; Bradley, A. H. H. S., third; Barnard, A. H. H. S, fourth—Distance, 34 feet, 6 inches.

Mile Run—Spangler, S. H. S., first; Blackmar, S. H. S., second; Barnard, A. H. H. S., third; Defoe, W. B. C. H. S, fourth—Time, 5:28, 1-5.

High Jump—Adams, S. H. S, and Krupp, S. H. S., tied for first; Bradley, A. H. H. S., and Gilbert, A. H. H. S., tied for second—Height, 5 feet, 5 inches.

Half Mile Run—Spangler, S. H. S., first; Green, A. H. H. S., second; Krupp, S. H. S., third; Watkins, B. C. H. S., fourth—Time, 2:26, 2-5.

Half Mile Relay—A. H. H. S., first; W. B. C H. S., second; B. C. H. S., third; S. H. S., fourth

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Totals.

Saginaw High School.....64 Points
Arthur Hill High School.....54 Points
Bay City High School.....22 Points
West Bay City High School.....12 Points
Flint High School..... 1 Point

Individual Points.

Adams 20; Krupp 16; Spangler 12; Widenmann 6; Blackmar 3 Barber 2; McCoy 2; Wallis 2; Relay 1.—Total, 64.

AWARD OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION "S."

The following members of the Foot Ball Team were awarded the "S."

KRUPP - - Captain.

PATTERSON. SCHMIDT. WALLIS.
MOWRY. WELLMAN. GREEN.
McCOY. PHOENIX. WALLACE.

The following members of the Track Team were awarded the "S."

ADAMS - - Captain.

SPANGLER. KRUPP. WIDENMANN.

TRACK TEAM.

TRACK TEAM.

Adams, Captain; 100 yard, High and Low Hurdles, High and Broad Jump, Pole Vault, Shot Put, Relay.

Barber; 100 yard, 220 yard, Relay.

Blackmar; Mile, Half Mile.

Corrigan; 100 yard, 220 yard, High Hurdle, Relay.

Davis; Shot Put, Hammer Throw, Broad Jump, 440 yard.

Heinicke; 100 yard, 220 yard.

Krupp; High and Broad Jump, Shot Put, Foot Ball Kick, Half Mile

Macomber, High Jump.

McCoy; 220 yard, Half Mile.

Spangler; Mile, Half Mile, 440 yard, Relay.

Steele; Pole Vault.

Wallis; Shot Put, Pole Vault, Foot Ball Kick.

Widenmann; 220 yard, 440 yard, Relay.

BASE BALL.

For some reason or other Saginaw has never been, in late years especially, represented by a fast base ball team. Last year's team was a complete failure, being unable to win one game in the entire season.

Never before, perhaps in the history of athletics at Saginaw, did the outlook for a fast team appear so poor as at the beginning of the present season. The first call for candidates was answered by a crowd of youngsters, who were but mere novices at the game. Captain Wallis, however, set to work enthusiastically and earnestly, as if the men were of championship timber; every day, the weather permitting, practice was carried on in fielding, base running and batting. The youngsters showed great aptitude and practiced diligently.

Of the team of 1903, but two men were on hand, Wallis, our crack second baseman and Green our star twirler. These two men, however, were adepts at the game and as fast a couple as is usually found in high schools. Around these two Captain Wallis developed a nine, which in the early part of the season showed up well. Every thing went on smoothly for a time, and their followers felt assured of having at least a fairly good team. The outlook grew brighter and brighter, day by day, but several unforseen circumstances arose just a few days before the season opened, which greatly upset the team.

The first game of the season was a ten inning contest with the Arthur Hill team. The game was one of the most interesting seen here for some time, and abounded in sensational plays. The team work of our fellows, with the exception of one inning, was of the best; and most of the time had the West Siders "a guessing." Wallis and Clemens did some

clever work with the stick, the former carried off the batting honors with three clean hits and also played his usually fine game at second. Green's base-rnning and Brucker's phenomenal work at short were the chief features. Saginaw had a good lead up to the eighth inning, in which the West Side, aided by our loose playing, was allowed to tie the score. She was blanked in the ninth but succeeded in scoring in the next inning, which we were unable to do.

The following Wednesday Saginaw lost to Bay City, after the most sensational contest of the season. The visitors were outplayed from start to finish, but fortune smiled on the Bay City fellows and allowed them to win out. Our fellows played the snappiest ball seen this season. Four rattling double plays were made with such rapidity that the Bay City men were bewildered. But with all this and our men batting like fiends, Bay City smuggled in a couple of extra scores and won out 11 to 9.

The next game was with the team representing the Midland High School. The Midland boys started the contest in whirlwind style. Their first man up connected with Green's curves in a very satisfactory manner to the Midland rooters; landing the ball over our short-stop's head. The next man singled, the next up likewise, and the next, and the next, and the next; smash, crack, bing. Well! when the inning was finally over, the score keeper got to work and figured out the following list of casualities: Twelve men had batted; two were given passes, six were saved by errors, four straightened out Green's curves, and ten runners had crossed the plate. Saginaw gathered herself together in the succeeding innings but the lead was to great to overcome and we again succumbed to defeat.

GERALD KRUPP

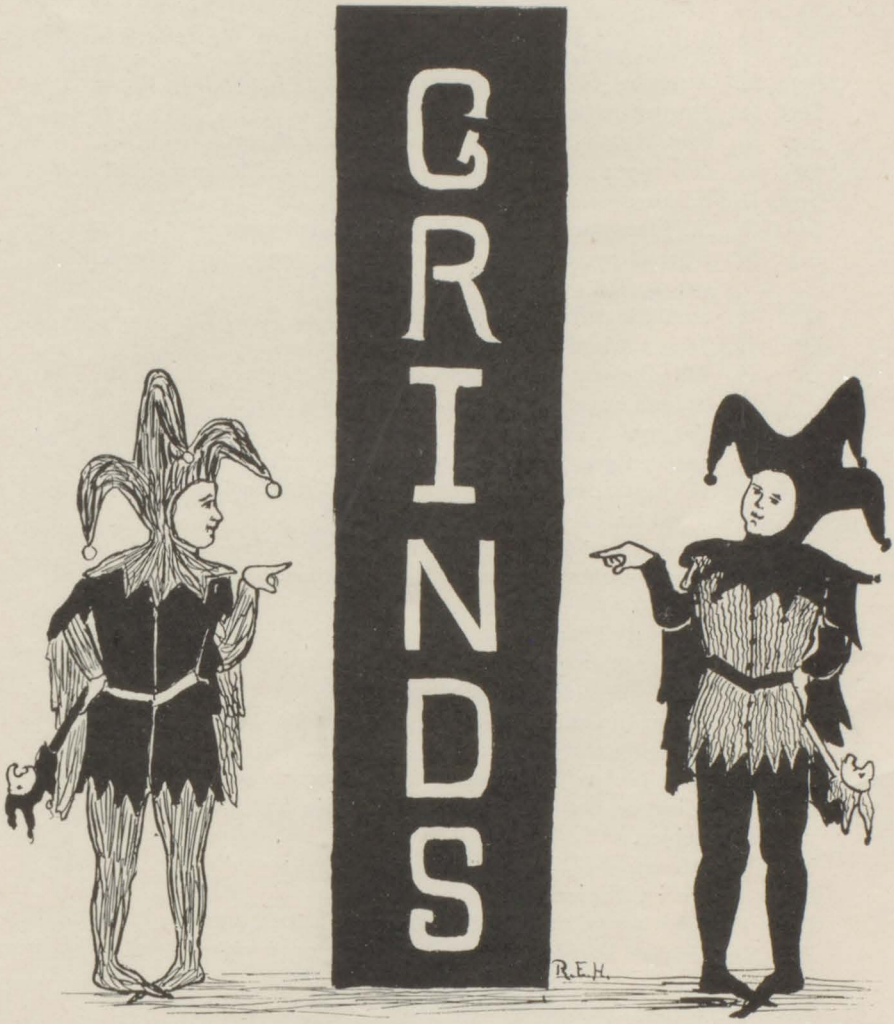
EDITOR'S NOTE:—Without a doubt, the best all-round athlete in the school at the present time is Gerald Krupp. As captain of the foot-ball team, he played a star game at quarter-

back, being the best at that position the team has had for a number of years.

In track athletics, he could be depended on as a consistent point gainer; and in base ball developed into a fast pitcher as well as a good fielder.

BASE BALL TEAM.

WALLIS, Captain.....Second Base.
CLEMENS .....Catcher.
GREEN.....Pitcher, First Base.
KRUPP.....Pitcher, First Base.
DOYLE.....Third Base.
BRUCKER.....Short Stop.
BEALE.....Left Field.
HOULIHAN.....Centre Field.
MILNE.....Right Field.
MERRITT.....Substitute.
SYMONS.....Manager.


GRINDS
R.E.H.

SCHOOL CALENDAR.

Sept. 8. School opens, and all is well.
Sept. 10. A number of Freshmen take involuntary flights over the fence.
Sept. 14. Most of us settle down to work.
Sept. 15. Capt. Krupp issued call for foot-ball candidates.
Sept. 16. Doc appears again wearing his ancient and honorable hat.
Sept. 21. Senior class election.
Sept. 26. St. Johns forfeits first schedule foot-ball game.
Sept. 28. Symons presents the school with a new yell. The fellows get musical.
Oct. 3. Saginaw defeats Bay City High School, 23 to 0.
Oct. 7. Jerry's friend "the dog" comes to school.
Oct. 10. Mt. Pleasant High School defeated Saginaw, 18 to 0. The fellows ought to have played in bathing suits.
Oct. 17. Saginaw 0, Flint 0.
Oct. 26. Madden gets the habit and returns to school.
Nov. 3. A magnificent head of hair appears at school, accompanied by Jungklas.
Nov. 5. Barber and Little play rough house. Very amusing.
Nov. 7. Saginaw shows Arthur Hill High School how to play foot-ball; 27 to 0.
Nov. 19. Manual Training School corner stone laid by the students. Weadock crowned himself with everlasting glory, by delivering an eloquent dedication address.
Nov. 20. Manual Training School corner stone laid. Junior banner suddenly and mysteriously disappears.
Nov. 21. The Juniors feel rather blue. Connery, Spangler, Barber and King do not seem to be able to give any information on the subject.
Nov. 26. Monarchs 11, Saginaw 11.
Dec. 4. Junior Musical.
Dec. 17. The loss of the Junior banner still a deep mystery.
Dec. 18. Aurora Board selected; Hunsaker elected editor.
Jan. 14. Marks out. Many happy faces?
Jan. 29. Memorable Lyceum sleigh-ride.
Feb. 8. Doc lost his ancient lid.
Feb. 9. Sensation! Doc appears in a new hat.
Feb. 12. Athletic Association election. George Wallis elected president.
Feb. 24. Annual Glee Club track meet. Records and other things broken.
Mar. 8. Little comes to school in a new suit of kilts.

Mar. 9. Hunsaker leaves for Annapolis.
Mar. 14. Jungklas operated on by the barber. Much excitement.
Mar. 17. Jenkins upholds his cause with a green necktie, imported from Ireland.
Mar. 18. Junior Exhibition.
Mar. 22. Capt. Wallis issued his call for base-ball candidates.
Mar. 25. Orchestra—Polyhymnia concert.
Mar. 29. Millet comes out in specs. Very becoming.
Apr. 5. Foot-ball team have picture taken.
Apr. 6. Holihan repents and returns to school.
Apr. 7. Athletic Association meeting. Decided to bring Ann Arbor High School track team here. Capt. Adams issued call for track candidates.
Apr. 8. Krupp ejected from Room 10.
Apr. 13 Adams divided skirts much admired.
Apr. 22. Local Oratorical contest.
Apr. 23. Arthur Hill High School defeats Saginaw in base-ball, 8 to 7.
Apr. 29. Lyceum rough house.
May. 2. Little's hair cut causes much comment.
May. 11. Symons comes to school plus an eye.
May. 13. League Oratorical contest. Weadock and Mowry busy entertaining Grand Rapids delegate.
May. 14. Saginaw Valley Athletic Association track meet won by Saginaw.
May. 23. Aurora goes to press.

A SENIOR'S PLEA.

"Dear father: Once you said, 'My son,
To reason you have grown;
Make others "trust" you, trust yourself.
And learn to "stand" alone.' "

"Now, father, soon I graduate,
And those who long have shown
How well they "trust" me, want their pay,
And I can stand a loan."

THE SENIOR ALPHABET.

A—is for Agnes, Miss Murphy I mean, a Senior noted as mild and serene.

B—is or Bessie, of great talking fame, her skill at reciting has won her a name.

C—is for Cleon, a Lyceum Wiz, who scares his opponents out of their biz.

D—is for David, the theme of this song, "So wise, so young do ne'er live long."

E—is for Edna, that sly little girl, who only this year wore her hair in a curl.

F—is for Foster, and Frances so fair, if your heart is susceptible I bid you beware.

G—is the Glen in our illustrious school, in geometry e'en Whitney him ne'er did fool.

H—is for Helen, a slight little lass, who ever is fearful that she shall not pass.

I—am a girl in about the same fix, if you knew who, you'd assail me with bricks.

J—is for Junglas, the Scotch lassie's beau, I fear if he pops her answer'll be no.

Krupp is the name of a great big man, with brawny frame and cheeks of tan.

L—is for Linton, of dusky hair, of all brunettes quite the most fair.

M—is or Moore of tresses so black, admirers and lovers she never will lack.

N—is for Nellie, Miss Smart we mean, o'er our class President's heart, she reigns the fair queen.

O—is for "Oh," which each one shall say as he these rhymes shall read some day.

P—is for Packer of Oratorical fame, her skill at orating has won her a name.

Quit is what I know you will now say, but I intend to finish if it takes me a day.

R's for the Ruths, also Rosel, who Hymen'll call first I cannot well tell.

S—is for Schultz, Ellen I mean, that fair-faced girl of quiet and placid mien.

T—is for True, which all Seniors are, and I hope all are, both near and far.

U—are the one who judgment shall pass, I trust it be mild on our Senior class.

V—is for Vanity, who can you guess, if you say Martin, I'll surely answer "yes."

Witters is the boy who takes the girls' eye, this fair haired gallant has caused many a sigh.

X—treme is the agony you now must feel, while perusing this long winded spiel.

Y—is for youth, Edna her name, that women can't vote she declares is a shame.

Z—is the letter at which I must stop, but I am ready for my pencil just droped .

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Freshman: A poem of four lines is a quadruped.

Miss Zahner: (Translating German.) The baker kneads the dough.

Smart Freshie: So do I.

Stenography teacher: What does verbatim mean?

Miss Spindler: Some kind of medicine isn't it?

Eugene Smith: (In German class.) Miss Meiser, are trees shrubs and brush masculine?

Miss Meiser: Most green things are masculine.

Sophomore: (In history class.) King Edward lost his alleys (allies).

Miss Kitchen: Mr. Cubbage, who was Henry the 7th?

Cubbage: An Englishman after Henry the 8th.

A woman always wants the last word—That's probably why she always looks at the end of the book first, said an experienced Junior.

Pupil in English: There are five boots in blank verse.

Mr. Warner: (In Economics class.) Now the greatest element that enters into a pair of shoes is?

Witters: The feet.

We don't realize the advantages we have in this day and age—such fast males (mails).

After man came woman—and she has been after him ever since.

Miss Swinton: What answer did you get for the last problem?

Miss Howell: I got a minus answer.

Teacher: (To a sophomore.) Will you please tell me what Mr. Smith omitted?

Sophomore: I didn't hear him omit anything

Mr. Smart: Pay your dues to the Athletic Association as we have to pay $50.00 for a coach.

Economical sister: Why don't you walk or go on the street car?

Little: (In chemistry class.) I never saw anything that wasn't visible.

Mr. Whiteny: (Having given a lesson of seven problems.) Mr. Millet, how many did you get?

Mr. Millet: Eight.

Miss Merrill: What is London sometimes called? (expecting for an answer the Hub of the Universe).

Miss Penoyar: The hub-bub of the Universe.

THOSE SENIOR WITS.

Miss Milne (in exam.) Each family was given a cow and a "got."

Miss Sing: They founded corn in Conneticut.

Miss Martin: Each family was divided into twelve groups of thirteen persons each.

Miss Swinton: The basement is flooded with water.

Miss Rumbles: Adam's reign was prosperous.

Miss Shea: We will have a drawing test at drawing time.

Miss Dieckmann. The Erie Canal is a body of water they built between New York and Buffalo.

Miss Smart: I am not as smart as one might think, and some day I won't be smart at all.

Krupp (getting excited.) They thought it was an outrage so Parliament and the whole bunch got mad at it.

Wallace (in German class.) In this case should you use the verted or inverted order?

Miss Rumbles: She left the arm of Orso sleeping.

Miss Feahr: The Uplands are more thinly populated than the lower regions.

Miss Robinson: England had an uproar with France.

Krupp: The Mace in the House of Commons is used like a policeman's club.

Bright Senior: (In English class.) Was Addison a lady?

Hubbard: (Arising and shining.) 2 x 0 equals 2.

Miss Judd: I hurt my wrist so I couldn't get my leason.

Krupp: The British retreated back.

Miss Robinson: The frost burned all the orange trees in 1747.

SENIORS' SAGACIOUS SOLILOQUIES.

You can drive a horse to water but
You can't make him drink.
You can drive a boy to High School but
You can't make him think.

Lives there a boy with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
As on his bed shown morning light,
"I wish the school burnt down last night."

ON THE TEACHERS.

Mr. Cook: Krupp, go to the map and run the pointer up the Mississippi and see what you find there.

Mr. Reichle: "How many stages in the first Punic war?"
Robertson: "Three."
Mr. Reichle: "What are they?"
Robertson: "First, second and third."

Miss Zahner: "Give the present, past and future of the verb 'Singen."
Furstenburg: "All at once?"

Miss Whittemore: "I am waiting to hear silence."
Patterson: "What does it sound like?"

Miss Bullock: "If the door isn't open then close it."

Miss King: "People have starved for want of food on ice floes."

Mr. Warner: "What do they do when the stock of a company is watered?"
Patterson: "Freeze it."

Miss King: "The Esquimaux live by subsisting."

Mr. Wolf's pet argument: "Steam was invented by a German in the 17th Century, and I have used it ever since."

Miss King: "Of what is the Saginaw river system composed?"
Witters: "Water."

Miss Whittemore: "What does fantasy of one's dream mean?"
Barber: "It means that every teacher imagines herself a dream."

Teacher: "What is is a demigod?"
Confident Junior: "A school teacher."

Mr. Purdy: "What is a draft?
Green: "A swift current of air."

Miss King: "What was the cause of the flood here and in Grand Rapids?"
Miss Milne: "High water."

Mr. Whitney: (In geometry class) "You all see this lune (loon) don't you?"

SENSE OR NONSENSE.

Mr. Wolf's favorite song—"It was the Dutch."

Freshman—Porous rocks are rocks that can powder.

Miss King—Roy, tell me where the Andes mountains are?
Corrigan—(Confidently), on the Sahara Desert in Asia.

Patterson returning to Mr. Warner's class the following day—What was that "dam" theory you told us about yesterday?

Miss Merrill—What do we find on the coast of Maine?
Judd—A number of lobsters.

Miss Meiser's favorite expression is "Perfectly all right."

Wee Freshie—Mr. Wolf there is only 30 degrees of heat in this room.
Mean Mr. Wolf—Shut your mouth and there will be less draft.

Latin teacher—Give the principal parts of fall.
Little boy—Fall, fallere, slipperi, bump-down.
Teacher—You fail, failere, fluncti, suspendium.

Mr. Cook—What is an internal tax?
King—The tax put on chewing gum.
Mr. Cook—That's the time you gave yourself away.

Miss Kitchen—The pavements were made of little stones, each small enough to put in a man's mouth.
Barber—Did they test each one to see?

Bright Junior—She didn't faint, she was only stunted by the fall.

Junglas (in English class, describing hell of "Paradise Lost.") In the middle there is a lake of fire.
Mr. Cook (sticking his head in the door.) Is it to hot for you?

A FRESHMAN.

Once a Freshman was cast on an African shore,
Where a canibal monarch held sway;
And they served up that Freshman on slices of toast,
On the eve of that very same day.

But the vengeance of Heaven followed swift on the act,
And before the next morning was seen,
By "cholera morbus" that tribe was attacked,
For that Freshman was terribly "green."

FRESHMAN, FAIL NOT.

To fall up the stairs, it affords amusement to the tired Seniors.
To slam your books on the desk, it wakes the teachers up.
To pick out the best hat in the bunch, if yours is gone.
To use a pony, walking is out of date.

A MIDNIGHT VISION.

(With Apologies to Edgar Allan Poe.)

1. Once upon a midnight dreary
As I footsore, sad, and weary
Paused before the East Side High School,
Standing silent and forlorn,
Suddenly a strange thing happened,
For the closed door slowly opened,
And a spectre, sad, came from it
Of the happy days of yore—
Only this and nothing more.

2. Yes, I certainly can say it was on a night in May
That I saw this apparition
Coming from the High School door,
And my limbs began to tremble
As at tales of ghostly lore.
I felt horror at the vision,
For I soon made a decision
That it was the ghost of Florence
Coming from the long-bared door—
Only this and nothing more.

3. Was it really she, I wondered,
As I gazed and sadly pondered,
For her form was gaunt and haggard
As if raked with pains galore,
Pains she got through constant teaching
And perpetually beseeching,
Yes, and actually preaching,
Preaching at our Latin class—
One lone lad and many a lass.

4. Close behind her came another,
One who might have been her brother,
And his visage was contorted
With a dread, portentous frown.
'Twas Herr Wolf, who gave long lessons,
And refused to make concessions,
When we came with our confessions—
That no time for them we'd had.

5. Mr. Whitney followed, shaking
With his knees beneath him quaking
And his eyes deep back were sunken
In their hollow cavities.
Now with pain excrutiating,
All his crimes he's expiating,
Theorems expatiating—
Only this and nothing more.

6. Mr. Cook comes closely after,
Shaking with suppressed laughter
And he's clad in robes of silver,
For he ne'er a wrong had done.
He has understood our feelings
And our woes he's always heading.
Very honest were his dealings—
With our famous Senior class.

7. Hand in hand come Misses Mowry
And Whittemore in all their glory
With their trains of brightest azure,
Carried by our Parrott grand.
They seemed bright and gay and cheery
While the others all looked dreary
And it made me very weary—
As I gazed in wonderment.

8. There's Miss Burnham, grim and fearful,
With occasions to be tearful,
And she stalked in angry silence
With a frown upon her brow,
For Saint Pe'er thus had stated,
When life's fever had abated,
She'd be woefully berated—
As before his throne she'd bow.

9. She can't enter into Heaven,
She has faults more than eleven,
And the worst of all the number
Is her grim sarcastic way.
With the fires of conscience burning
All her soul in horror's turning,
At the just deserts she's earning—
As her right and honest pay.

10. Then come others, slow and sadly,
For they're feeling very badly,
With the rest they struggle onward
For the gloomy realms below.
Shun the place, where is no morrow;
Where the direst pains do harrow
Mortals who live there in sorrow—
For they reap what they did sow.

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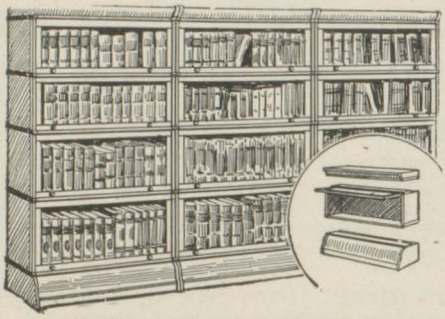

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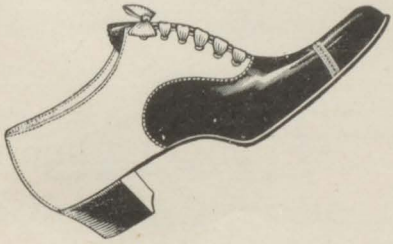

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What have we done, O janitor, janitor,
Why must we suffer such heat?
Do you punish us now, that in the hereafter
Our doom we won't have to meet?
Or think you that like our pious Aeneas
We twice wish those regions to greet?

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